# The New REPUBLIC

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## The Week

FOR weeks we have been warning readers not to take stock in the ballyhooed business revival unless the statistics actually showed that business was reviving—and until recently they have not done so. The first real crumb of comfort for the optimists came in a report from the New York State Department of Labor that employment in that state had risen during August a tiny bit more than the normal seasonal increase. There is no doubt that textile operations have been sharply on the upgrade. As to other indices, the evidence is confused. Slight increases in carloadings and use of electric power may or may not be a reflection of seasonal influences. Automobiles and steel have shown no perceptible improvement. No one can deny that this is the type of situation which may in the future be identified as having been the beginning of recovery. If it is, however, the recovery is almost certain to be slow, much slower than the recession. And regarding textiles—the one indubitably bright spot in the picture—certain cautions must be observed. Historically the fortunes of textiles are not closely parallel with general business conditions. Textiles have frequently been depressed in prosperity and active in depression. They started up briskly in the spring of 1931, though the general revival expected then was frost-nipped. The present movement was occasioned by the rising prices of raw materials, which found the trade with low inventories and precipitated a buyers' panic. It did not start with increased demand from ultimate consumers. No one knows whether the consumers will buy more goods than in the recent past. If not, the textile upturn will cease as soon as inventories are replenished.

NO INTELLIGENT German can have been surprised that the British note upheld the French point of view on the question of Germany's armament. In the first place, the present Tory government of Great Britain has a firm understanding with France. In the second place, the German demand is interpreted as a threat to the Versailles Treaty, rather than an attempt to fulfil its provisions; and Great Britain is naturally opposed to a unilateral, German effort to upset the Treaty. Again, there is a well grounded suspicion that the present German rulers are not sincere in the expressions of pacifism which accompanied their plea, that what they really want is militarism for themselves rather than disarmament on the part of France. With this opinion neutral observers must agree. The failure of the Allies to disarm is a gross violation of the Treaty's terms and Germany is entitled to call attention to it; but if the Reich were now to be officially and completely armed as she desires, it would be a world disaster of the first magnitude. Not only would it increase greatly the danger of war which hangs over Europe but it would send glimmering all the present hopes—tenuous as they are—of obtaining any substantial degree of disarmament in this generation.

THE action of the American Legion in endorsing immediate payment of the bonus was of course to be expected. The Legionnaires were mainly concerned to strike at President Hoover, who had first driven the B.E.F. out of Washington with bayonets and tear gas, and had then sought to palliate this action by a libel on their character. Since Hoover is committed against the bonus and Roosevelt is silent regarding it, presumably a large part of the


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4,000,000 men who were in uniform in 1917-18 will vote against the Republicans. These latter are telling Mr. Roosevelt, severely, that he ought to speak out on this issue, and so he ought. But to keep silent on embarrassing subjects is almost the first rule of American politics; it is practised quite as much by Republicans as Democrats, and politicians who publicly demand that Roosevelt speak up would privately call him a fool if he did.

AS WE have repeatedly said, The New Republic is opposed to the bonus. We believe that poverty, not war service, should be the prerequisite to federal aid. At the same time we recognize the fact that, in their own eyes, the action of the Legionnaires is in the soundest American tradition. They are seeking to bully Congress into giving them money: what else happens whenever a tariff is written? Most of these men had their first contact with the government in training camps, in whose construction hundreds of millions of dollars were squandered; as they went to France they passed government-built ships on which hundreds of millions more had been wasted. Everywhere they look, in America today, they see special privilege engaged in ruthless exploitation and backed up by the power of the government as it does so. Instead of being the first group to ask a bonus from the government, they feel that they are almost the last to do so.

IN The New Republic of September 14, we discussed the dismissal of Mr. Drew Pearson, of the Washington bureau of The Baltimore Sun. Mr. Pearson is also one of the authors of the book, "More Merry-Go-Round," recently published by Liveright, and he charges that his dismissal was the result of pressure brought to bear on The Sun by Secretary of War Hurley, lampooned in the book in a chapter entitled "The Cotillion Leader." The editors of The Baltimore Sun admit that Mr. Pearson was dismissed partly because of his participation in the book, but they deny that this action was taken at Mr. Hurley's instigation. They objected, they say, to other parts of the book, and to some of Mr. Pearson's work done for The Sun, and they feared that his participation in the volume would dry up certain news sources (although he was one of the authors of a previous similar volume, "Washington Merry-Go-Round," without any seeming interference with his efficiency). The editors of The Sun feel, very strongly, that no issue of censorship was involved in Mr. Pearson's dismissal, while he continues to believe that his work for The Sun was actually satisfactory and that Secretary Hurley was, directly or indirectly, responsible for the loss of his post. A controversy of this sort involving flatly contradictory statements in regard to a set of facts which are not susceptible of unofficial outside investigation, illuminates the inadequate technical organization of newspaper work in America. In most European countries there is a trade union of journalists with machinery for arbitration of such disputes. In this country, neither The Sun nor Mr. Pearson has any means of obtaining in the eyes of public opinion that vindication which both of them profess to desire.

BY THE time these lines are read, Mahatma Gandhi will presumably have started upon his fast; and in view of his frail health it is most unlikely that he can survive for six or eight weeks, as can a normally strong adult. It is all very well to say that he is not acting as a sensible politician but as a religious fanatic: if he were not a religious fanatic he would never have attained the position he holds in the hearts of millions of his fellow countrymen. The point which caused him to undertake his hunger strike may seem a minor one in view of the whole situation in India: he wants complete political equality for the "Untouchables," with neither over- nor under-representation in the Indian parliament. His attitude has been misrepresented in some American newspapers as one of hostility to the Untouchables, but it is not. His statesmanship in taking this position is unquestionably sounder than that of the British, who only a few years ago introduced into India for the first time the practices of separate electorates on a religious or racial basis. If he chooses to lay down his life for this principle, it ill behooves any English or American commentator, sitting comfortably at home, to criticize him for it. His death will undoubtedly let loose a flame which will run through all India. No British statesman ever faced a greater opportunity to rise supremely to a great test, to cut through red tape and make a magnificent stroke for humanity, than does Ramsey MacDonald at this moment. We wish we could believe that he has the wisdom and courage.

ON September 8, the State Department announced that it had concluded a new "Treaty of Friendship" with Haiti. Accompanying the text of the agreement was a statement that the treaty, which had been signed five days earlier, was intended to comply with the recommendations of the Forbes Commission for the early withdrawal of American Marines and American fiscal "advisers" from Haiti. There was nothing in the Washington news to indicate to the unwary that the Haitians might be less than enthusiastic over the turn of events. But in Port-au-Prince there was no enthusiasm. There was disappointment, there was anger and there was bitter denunciation. All this led to a speedy climax. Five days after the publication of the treaty text, the special committee of the Haitian National Assembly reported unanimously against acceptance, and on September 15 the Assembly, in an exciting two-hour session, voted unanimously to support the committee's adverse report. It was a well attended Assembly session, eighteen of the twenty-one Senators and thirty-three of the thirty-six Deputies being on

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hand. Even the hand-picked representatives of President Vincent dared not oppose the overwhelming sentiment against the treaty, and its only supporters were from the President's Cabinet.

WHY this difference in the points of view of Washington and Port-au-Prince? It is because Washington stressed the phrases of the treaty and its integral protocols and notes which talked of early withdrawal of American forces, and because the Haitians, quite naturally, examined most closely those paragraphs which included well placed "ifs" and "buts" permitting the extension of American control until 1952, and, if other loans are negotiated from time to time, forever. The present treaty with Haiti, dating from a few months after the occupation in 1915, will expire in May, 1936. A loan, floated in 1922 and already reduced from about $24,000,000 to $14,150,000, need not be liquidated until 1952. Until the loan is repaid, the United States, according to the terms of the newly proposed treaty, will not release its grip on Haiti. Consequently, though the treaty itself provides for the withdrawal of the Marines by December 31, 1934 (fifteen months before the expiration of the present treaty), American control might actually be prolonged for sixteen years. The Haitians insist that it is unfair to balance an uncertain offer of fifteen months' earlier freedom against a possible postponement of real freedom for sixteen years.

SOME of the obstacles with which our imperfect peace machinery must contend are being exposed in the continuing conflict between Bolivia and Paraguay. In the negotiations with the Neutral Commission in Washington both nations have been consistently unwilling to yield temporary advantages in behalf of a permanent settlement. Earlier in the summer Paraguay offered to suspend hostilities on the basis of the *status quo* on June 1, but Bolivia was adamant. After successfully resisting the attack of eight thousand Paraguayans on Fort Bouqueron, Bolivia now proposes a truce. Paraguay has responded, ostensibly accepting the suggestion but actually imposing impossible terms. The "Stimson Doctrine" of non-recognition of territorial acquisitions by force of arms appears to be no more of a deterrent in South America than in Manchuria. A reasonable explanation for the stiffness of the resistance on both sides has just turned up in a dispatch from Geneva. League officials have discovered that during the last four years in which both the Neutral Commission and the League have been attempting to settle the dispute, Bolivia has purchased munitions valued at more than twenty million dollars from manufacturers in the United States and Great Britain. There is a fair presumption that Paraguay has been doing likewise, for since 1926 its armament importations have not been reported to the League.

# Roosevelt Steps Left and Right

THE AGRICULTURAL speech by Roosevelt in Topeka and his railroad speech in Salt Lake City—both of them more capable in economic analysis than anything heard from the Republican side in this or many previous compaigns—beautifully illustrate the Democratic attempt to win the radically inclined and the conservatively inclined at the same time. Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation of the Hoover tariff and farm policies, combined with his promise really to try some measure to raise domestic farm prices, goes directly contrary to the prejudices of the business community. On the other hand, his railroad program elicited praise from railroad presidents and assertions from many conservative interests that it does not essentially differ from the Republican policy.

In saying this we do not accuse Mr. Roosevelt of deliberate insincerity, or even of inconsistency in his own point of view. Neither speech was the product of a demagogue who was trying to win votes regardless of the practicability of the remedies he proposed. Each was based on careful study of the situation in question and on consultation with responsible leaders in the field. But, taken together, they reveal the philosophical opportunism at the base of the candidate's thought. He has not made up his mind whether we are headed toward collectivism or away from it. To him it is sufficient to suggest particular programs for particular situations, regardless of the general goal. If one of these programs pleases the radicals and another the conservatives, so much the better for his chances of election. He stands in the center of the economic conflict and tries to aid everyone by an adjustment of interests, a mobilization of opponents.

Readers of The New Republic will be familiar with the line of argument pursued by Mr. Roosevelt in his Topeka speech. The tariff does not help most American farmers; on the contrary, it injures them by increasing the cost of what they buy and cutting off foreign markets for their crops. The result is a disparity of long standing between the prices of farm products and the prices of industrial products. Republican administrations have been unjustifiably hostile to attempts to remedy the tariff-created discrepancy. The Farm Board activities in surplus control constituted an inept and bungling attempt to do the impossible. A long-time program must involve reviving European markets by tariff reform, readjustment of taxes, deflation of capital burdens on agriculture, and economic planning with special reference to soil surveys and a land policy to take marginal lands out of crops. All this, it seems to us, is of indubitable soundness.

In the meantime, Mr. Roosevelt will look with sympathy on a program for the emergency, to

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raise prices of staples by allowing the tariff to affect them. His six specifications for a good scheme of this sort are characterized by commentators unfamiliar with the recent thought of agricultural economists as being vague (indeed, Walter Lippmann went so far as to say there was no plan which could satisfy his requirements). These critics are obviously ignorant of the "voluntary domestic allotment plan," described in the last issue of The New Republic, which fits these specifications like a glove. We have no question that Mr. Roosevelt had this plan in mind, though he probably thought it good tactics to have the specific suggestion come to him from agricultural leaders. Let us see how it fits.

> The first point is that the price benefit on agricultural staples must not lead to increased production. This is covered, in the plan, by the contracts with individual farmers in which they agree not to expand, and even to restrict acreage.
>
> The second point, that the plan must finance itself and not be a burden on the Treasury, is covered by the provision that the "tariff adjustment fees" to the participating farmers are to be financed by excise taxes on the crops produced.
>
> The third point, that it must not lead to foreign retaliation by dumping, is covered by the fact that the plan does not seek to market abroad a growing surplus, but merely to sell the normal amount and restrict output to that.
>
> The fourth point, that it must be decentralized in administration rather than bureaucratic, is covered by the proposal for state, county and local committees to make the contracts and administer the plan.
>
> The fifth point, that it must strengthen rather than weaken the coöperative movement, is provided for by the provision that farmers are to be represented on the committees, presumably through their own organizations. And of course it can be withdrawn, as Mr. Roosevelt suggests, once the emergency has passed.
>
> The sixth point, that it must be voluntary and rest on the support of a "reasonable proportion of the producers," is in accord with the provision that the contracts are to be voluntarily made and are not to go into effect until 60 percent of the growers of any given crop are ready to sign.

The Roosevelt farm program, with its definite attempt to benefit the exploited farmers by means of planned, democratic organization, and at the expense of favored industry, is a clear challenge to the business rulership of the United States, even though it does not directly embody socialist ideas. But his railroad program is essentially a conservative one. Its aim is to render the railroads an efficient unit under private ownership, with as little disturbance to the capitalist environment as possible. It proposes to curb only those areas of vested interest and profit-seeking which are driving the railroads nearer to bankruptcy or are leading to such dissatisfaction with their performance that an entirely new railroad regime is becoming increasingly possible.

The Hoover railroad policy is equally conservative in aim, but far less efficient in method. The net result of what the administration has done—in spite of the President's feeble endorsement of many of the same ideas now advanced by the Democratic candidate—is to drive railroads closer to insolvency by lending them money without providing for a reduction of their existing capital burdens or for more efficient operation. The end of this policy—freely predicted even by conservative railroad men—is that the government will have to take over many of the roads, in order to protect the bondholders. This, of course, is a far cry from intelligent socialization; it would mean that the government would fall heir to the weaker properties, leaving those still capable of making a profit in the hands of the owners. Nevertheless, it is equally far from the result the administration is seeking.

The Roosevelt policy, on the other hand, is that of a good banker. Like a good banker's action, it is not very tender to all the interests concerned. But it makes the possibility of future profitable operation a condition of present help. Top-heavy financial structure must be cut down. Receivership practices must be simplified in the interest of security holders and creditors. Competing means of transportation must be regulated. Monopoly must be favored when necessary, and the Interstate Commerce Commission must be given effective control over both consolidations and holding companies. The losses inherent in the present situation are to be distributed now, instead of being piled up for future liquidation.

But how are the losses to be distributed? Mr. Roosevelt gives no hint of this. One may guess that bondholders will not be permitted to suffer greatly. Shippers by competing means will undoubtedly bear higher rates. Wages are to be kept "as high as possible," but how high is "possible"? That means one thing if capital charges are to be the first concern in the distribution of net earnings, and quite another if wages are to be placed first. The practical result will probably be that wages will be allowed to fall. Labor will also suffer, as it has in the past, by more "efficient" practices which dispense with the need for men. All this to the end that the railroads may be saved for the profit system. No far-sighted railroad president or bankers' representative could do otherwise than approve. The power of the government is to be brought in to suppress suicidal practices by the more unruly profit-makers—that is all.

The railroad problem simply cannot be settled, as Roosevelt in this speech implies it can, to the mutual interest of all concerned. Someone must lose, someone gain. Here he does not see, as he did see in the farm question, that conflicting interests are involved and that sides must be chosen. Not seeing it, the chances are that he will naturally gravitate to the side of those whose chief interest is in the resumption of money-making out of the nation's transportation service.

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# "As Goes Maine"

A WEEK'S time has not diminished the significance of the Maine election. The Republicans, of course, have tried by every means to explain away the Democratic victory; but their very anxiety belies their reassurances. Mr. Mark Sullivan advances the theory that the upset was brought about by the vast sums of money which the Wets poured into the state at the last minute. In disproof of this contention, there is the fact that the only Republican to retain his seat in Congress is an uncompromising Dry. It is true, as Mr. Hoover's friends point out, that the Democratic margin of victory was a narrow one; but it is also true that the Republicans usually carry Maine by many thousands of votes; not for fifty years have the Democrats elected a Governor in that state in a presidential year. Political observers agree that the result is extremely ominous for Mr. Hoover.

In assigning reasons for this, many arguments are advanced. We should like to suggest one of which little is heard, one which we believe is of tremendous importance in this year's campaign, although we can offer no statistical proof that such is the case. We base our observation on a multitude of small signs few of which are important enough to be catalogued. In brief, this element in the election is the fact (if it be a fact) that the American people are tired of Mr. Hoover's personality.

The President has always had a unique power to create passionate loyalty in a small group of people directly subordinate to him, as in the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the Food Administration and the American Relief Administration. He was also at one time made a national hero, something like the Prince of Wales in England, by the use of the skilled art of the publicity man, who hung a picture of the ascetic young Quaker in the kitchen of every day-dreaming middle-aged housewife in the country. But the outline of that shining figure has been strangely blurred and altered during the past fourteen years. Perhaps Mr. Hoover has changed; perhaps the country knows him better.

At any rate, everyone who travels widely through America and talks with large numbers of common people is aware of a new attitude toward Mr. Hoover in the last three years. It has come to light during the depression and is partially, of course, but not entirely, its child. It blames him for hard times; but it also blames him for taking himself too seriously, for having no humor which the public can discern, not the least quality of the light touch. It is born in part of hearing his dull and platitudinous passages on the radio, the flat, metallic voice, the inevitable mispronunciation of at least ten or twelve words in every speech. It is created, again, by the slightly fatuous note to be found in such a statement as the President issued after the Maine election, in which he explained that only ignorance caused anybody to vote the Democratic ticket. It is probable that thousands of persons have written him down as a victim of that commonest American curse, infantilism.

It is curious that, although he is constantly held up to the public as the very flower of Americanism, Mr. Hoover should be so completely out of the line of the great American tradition in statesmen. This country's hero is undoubtedly Abraham Lincoln; and it would be hard to imagine two persons more antithetical than the occupant of the White House during the Civil War and the present one. Lincoln, at the darkest hour, cheered himself and his companions by resource to his sense of humor; but it is hard to imagine anyone with temerity enough to tell Mr. Hoover a joke. Lincoln took adverse criticism lightly, and did not move even against notorious enemies until the channels of patience at long last had run dry. But Mr. Hoover constantly bounces out of his kennel, barking furiously at every passer-by who dares to disagree with him.

Any American statesman nowadays has increased difficulty in keeping his popularity, just because people see and hear far too much of him. The radio, the talking movie, the rotogravure section, all conspire to present us with a surfeit of our great men. Is it not possible that the people of Maine had heard just one speech too many, had seen at the movies just one superfluous delegation greeted on the South Lawn? As we said, there is no means of proving that this is the case; but since there is also no means of proving the contrary, we shall continue to hold our view: that there are a great many Americans for whom the President's personality has lost its savor, and to whom a change to almost anybody else will come as justification for saying, in Shakespeare's words: "For this relief, much thanks."

# Hearst in 1932

IN The New Republic of September 14, Fremont Older, editor of The San Francisco Call, replied to the recent article by Louis Burgess on "Working for Hearst." Mr. Older defends Hearst from what he chooses to interpret as Mr. Burgess's "attack," and does so in a singular way. For the outstanding achievement for which he gives Mr. Hearst credit—the uncovering of new facts regarding the Mooney-Billings case—was the work, not of Mr. Hearst but of Fremont Older himself, one of the most brilliant and remarkable men in the history of American journalism and the only one west of William Allen White to win a national reputation in this generation. All that Mr. Hearst did was to permit Mr. Older to do this; but in fact, such conduct is indeed, by California standards, deserving of praise. There is little doubt that if the editor of The Los Angeles Times or The San Francisco Chronicle had unearthed such material, the scandalized publisher would have ordered him to burn his documents. Mr. Hearst at any rate did not suppress the facts, and

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by this one act he performed a public service so great that much can be forgiven. On the other hand, when it comes to the continuous campaign on behalf of justice for Mooney, the Hearst chain of papers has done very little: certainly far less than has the Scripps-Howard group.

Mr. Older chose to interpret Mr. Burgess's article as an attack upon Hearst; but it was not so conceived either by the author, the editors of The New Republic or some at least of our readers. It is interesting to note that among all Mr. Hearst's thousands of employees, many of whom are subscribers to this paper, not one, with the exception of Mr. Older, cared to say a good word for his employer. One or two letters from Hearst men were received, but these criticized Mr. Burgess, not for being too hard on Hearst, but for being too tender with him.

It is, again, significant that Mr. Older, in seeking to find something for which to praise Hearst, aside from his own revelations in the Mooney case, should turn back forty years, to the time when Hearst, shortly after leaving Harvard, took over the almost moribund San Francisco Examiner. Any newspaper man will tell you that the Hearst papers achieved their real importance and significance during their first twenty years, or the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth. Those were the days when Hearst was inventing new features, pushing forward on a dozen fronts at once; when his typographical make-up was slavishly followed by editors far and near; when he was helping to crowd the United States into the least honorable of all its wars. But if Mr. Hearst has had a new publishing idea in the past twenty years, no newspaper man is aware of what it is; with the approach of old age (he is 69) he is willing to ride along on the momentum of his earlier achievements. This does not mean that anyone has superseded him in his organization; he is so jealous of his prerogatives that no one stands very near the throne—which is one reason for the general opinion in the publishing world that his organization is likely to go to pieces within a decade or so after his death.

Superficially, Hearst would seem never to have been more successful, at least in the realm of ideas, than he is at present. He succeeded in obtaining the vice-presidential nomination of the Democratic party for a grotesquely unfit candidate whom the publisher had taken under his own wing some time earlier. He and his allies ruled the Democratic National Convention at most of its important crises. The country as a whole still seems possessed by the "little America" mood which he has done so much to create: chauvinistic, isolationist, hostile to the League of Nations, the World Court and cancellation of war debts. Hearst is a big-navy man; and has doubtless rejoiced to see one international conference after another fail to put any effective curb upon naval armament. His hostility toward Japan is notorious; and at this moment he sees a more critically dangerous situation between Japan and the United States than has existed at least since 1921.

Despite these seeming successes, however, we believe that Mr. Hearst, as an honest realist, must feel a profound sense of disappointment and frustration in regard to his career. He has not brought the country to his way of thinking on any subject; it has simply happened that popular opinion and his own have in many cases agreed, largely because he himself so well typifies the man in the street. It has often been pointed out that the Hearst papers exert an astonishingly small influence in view of their circulation, and the explanation usually given is undoubtedly the correct one: that his readers buy his papers for something else than the editorial page. Mr. Hearst himself tacitly admits that this is true by making his most important pronouncements in the form of signed communications to the editor which appear on the front page, and by a selective and discriminatory news policy which includes publishing highly colored news articles as well as the minimizing or omitting of material which does not fit the organization's policy. It is also at least possible that his excursions into other fields, such as motion pictures and magazine publishing, are an implied confession of his lack of real effectiveness in the field of daily journalism.

Whether this is true or not, he remains, as Mr. Burgess portrayed him, a vivid and characteristically American phenomenon. He makes innumerable shifts of policy, and his whole vast organization dutifully follows him. If his techniques are old fashioned, the vigor with which he pushes his various and temporary hatreds and friendships remains as indefatigable as ever. He is the perfect example of the enormous danger which is inherent in one-man ownership of a vast chain of daily newspapers, even though the political power of such a chain is, as we have suggested, often overrated. But even so, it is fortunate for the country that Mr. Hearst has never quite known what he wanted; for if he had, he very likely would have achieved it. And there is the best of reason to believe that the result would have been calamity.

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*EDITORS*

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

*CONTRIBUTING EDITORS*

JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK ALVIN JOHNSON
R. C. LINDEMAN LEWIS MUMFORD GILBERT SELDES
R. G. TUGWELL LEO WOLMAN

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# The Jobless Help Themselves

## *A Lesson from Chicago*

NO CITY in America is in more desperate straits than Chicago. With banks crashing, bond issues defaulting, teachers, police and other municipal servants clamoring for salaries long overdue, with local relief funds exhausted and federal grants totally inadequate, it seems that each successive day brings a new crisis.

Meanwhile the unemployed become more and more effectively organized. They have no intention of watching an incompetent administration plunge them over the cliffs without themselves putting a hand to the reins. They refuse to starve, and their organization, the Chicago Workers' Committee on Unemployment, is no longer bashful about saying so.

Born just a year ago, this movement is steadily becoming more powerful. Originally the brainchild of a group of League for Industrial Democracy members and friends, it soon developed active leaders from its own ranks. Karl Borders, Chicago secretary of the L.I.D., is still chairman of the Workers' Committee, but most of the other sponsors are now serving only in an advisory capacity, merely assisting the unemployed to help themselves. At present the Workers' Committee is an organization of almost 15,000 men and women divided into forty-nine local units meeting in all sections of the city, growing at the rate of one new local per week and becoming more and more conscious of its own importance.

It already has to its credit a list of significant accomplishments. More important, perhaps, than anything else, it has given the unemployed person an opportunity to become active in an organization devoted to his cause and bigger than the individual, and to have the backing of that organization in making his needs known. Without organization, the individual unemployed citizen is a helpless and bewildered unit, without resources, without knowledge, without power. But as a member of a group he becomes strong. He has a sympathetic audience before whom he can air his complaints and which will go to bat for him whenever possible. This whole body, too, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, is eager to act upon any constructive suggestions he may make.

The basic education for such constructive measures is furnished by the volunteer Speakers' Bureau, composed of well informed people from every walk of life. By means of this active service, the unemployed are given the chance to understand and discuss the causes and cures of economic depressions, the advantages and disadvantages of proposed relief bills, and numerous other phases of the economic situation. The Speakers' Bureau has sent out more than three hundred discussion leaders to the weekly meetings of the locals.

Almost every member of the Workers' Committee is literally penniless and has been drawing his rations from the county. And since these ridiculously inadequate funds are supposed to take care of 110,000 families, there are naturally innumerable administrative errors, oversights and conflicts. In order to decrease the inevitable tension between those who are administering the relief and those who are receiving it, each local has set up a Grievance Committee to investigate complaints from its dissatisfied members and take these complaints up with the District Administrators of Emergency Relief. Furthermore, a citywide Central Grievance Committee of five works out individual cases which the locals cannot adjust, and rules upon broad matters of principle. The Workers' Committee has established an accredited relationship with the Advisory Board of the Cook County Bureau of Public Welfare and exerts a definite influence on the policies of that Bureau.

Ever since it first came into existence, the Workers' Committee has been notably successful in forcing the continuation of relief service for the destitute. When local funds were exhausted last January, the Committee brought about a state conference which was effective in arousing public sentiment for the $20,000,000 state relief appropriation obtained in February. By the end of May this also was exhausted, and it was officially announced that the Emergency Relief Stations would simply close up on Saturday, June 4. To avert this catastrophe, the Workers' Committee realized that immediate action must be taken. The problem, as they saw it, was: how to make the bankers purchase at least half of the county's $6,250,000 in unsold tax-anticipation warrants. The sale of three million dollars' worth would mean a month's respite and during that month federal unemployment relief could be sought.

But how move the bankers? The Central Committee (to which each local sends delegates) decided to arouse public sentiment promptly by demanding newspaper publicity, time over the radio, interviews with Mayor Cermak and the leading bankers, telegrams and letters to Senators Glenn and Lewis, Governor Emmerson and President Hoover. A delegation was appointed to visit the Chicago newspaper offices; on the following day the Workers' Committee on Unemployment was front-page news for practically every edition of every paper in the city. The same delegation like-

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wise saw the director of every radio station, explained that they desired only a brief opportunity to put their case before the public, and managed to obtain thirteen short periods over the air.

Another committee went to the City Hall to tell Mayor Cermak what the closing of the relief stations would mean to them. They told him plainly. A third committee interviewed the leading bankers to urge them personally to buy the tax-anticipation warrants.

Finally on Friday, June 3, largely because of the initiatory efforts of the Workers' Committee, a meeting of more than eighty Chicago industrialists and bankers was held and, just twenty-four hours before the scheduled closing of the relief stations, $4,065,000 in tax warrants were disposed of. In other words, the starvation date in Cook County was temporarily postponed until about July 25.

The next problem was to mobilize sentiment for federal aid. At very small expense, a delegation was sent to Washington to testify before Senate and House Committees. Hearings were also obtained before the Resolutions Committees of the Republican and Democratic Conventions, and some slight impression seems to have been made on at least one of them.

Yet, on the whole, the leaders of the movement feel that the few concessions they have wrung from the old parties have been at too great cost. The organized unemployed say they are fed up with the Republicans, the Democrats and the system they represent. They are ready for a complete new deal and will back to the limit any political party with a radical economic program.

With this in mind they have made the establishment of a planned economy, in which social security and the right to work shall be placed above the interests of private profit, one of the principal planks in their platform. Politically, this is extremely significant. It means a big vote in Chicago for the Farmer-Labor ticket, on which several of their members are running for office, and which has the support of the Cook County Socialists. There is no reason why the Workers' Committee should not have 100,000 members by November and be in a position to play a leading role in local government. In the presidential campaign, the vast majority of the members will doubtless support Norman Thomas and the Socialist slate.

At the same time the men expect to continue agitating for the other planks in their platform—for better relief administration, payment of rents, gas and light, for medical, dental and hospital care, for public housing, free public employment exchanges, the five-day week and six-hour day, and for unemployment insurance. They are hearing about the housing projects in Vienna, they are studying the Seattle system of relief administration by the unemployed themselves, and they are ready to set up large coöperative enterprises.

It is obvious that Chicago's unemployed have organized for action. They are gaining power and mean business. They are already communicating with similar bodies in other cities. Their leaders are sincere, honest and competent. If the depression continues, these jobless are destined to become a major power not only in isolated instances like Chicago, Des Moines, Seattle and South Bend, but throughout the country.

Chicago. ROBERT E. ASHER.

# Those Tax-exempt Securities

AMONG the fundamental ideas at the basis of many people's economic thinking is the firm conviction that there is outstanding a large volume of tax-exempt securities and that high taxes on incomes or on estates will induce wealthy people to shift their investments into these tax-exempts. The result would, of course, be a double one. Issues of tax-exempt securities would be strongly encouraged and the effort to tax citizens with large incomes would be defeated.

For many years this economic fable has been current. The reader will notice that it is merely an assertion. No supporting data are ever advanced, an omission which may be due to the paucity of statistics. On the other hand, it may be explained by a failure to check information that is readily available. It is not at all difficult to correct a few misunderstandings.

First to be noticed is the volume of tax-exempt securities. On December 31, 1930, the total outstanding issues wholly exempt from the normal income tax and surtax of the federal government and those exempt only from a normal income tax were $32,803,000,000. In 1917, the total was only $7,663,000,000. There was an abrupt increase to $30,805,000,000 in 1919, but during the next eleven years there was a gain of only about $2,000,000,000. Much of the increase was in the issues of states, counties and cities, which grew from $5,393,000,000 to $15,043,000,000, while the federal farm-loan system accounts for about $1,800,000,000 of the gain.

Second is the ownership. This cannot be determined with any high degree of accuracy, but there are several sources that are helpful. Investments in federal, state, county and municipal bonds are compulsory for certain classes of corporations, such as insurance, surety and bonding companies, banks and trust companies. For January 1, 1922, the government actuary estimated that of the $10,660,000,000 of *wholly* tax-exempt securities then outstanding, all but $5,000,000,000 were so held, and that of this latter amount only one-half, or $2,500,000,000, were so held that the government would gain by taxing them.

The Federal Trade Commission in 1924 estimated that at the end of 1922 there were $31,921,000,000 wholly and partially tax-exempt securities outstanding, of which $10,700,000,000 were owned by business corporations and $16,-

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771,000,000 by various individuals and eleemosynary institutions. There were only $4,450,000,000 owned by individuals whose taxable incomes exceeded $10,000. On June 30, 1931, the national banks and all reporting banks other than national held among their investments $7,983,604,000 of federal, state, county and municipal bonds, most of which were tax exempt. Insurance companies and other corporations are, of course, not included in this last figure.

These somewhat scattered figures do not permit precise conclusions, but they are more than enough to indicate that the larger part of tax-exempt securities is absorbed by the urgent demand of numerous institutions and corporations and by individuals of small means. There cannot be any very large volume available for the wealthy who may desire to escape the payment of income taxes. In the face of such a limited supply, the appearance of any considerable demand would promptly result in such a rise in price that the advantages of the purchase would quickly disappear.

More positive evidence is to be found in two directions. One is the amount of income received by the various income groups from partially tax-exempt securities. The amount of income from issues wholly tax exempt cannot be ascertained. In the calendar year 1927 there were 290 individuals who reported incomes of $1,000,000 or more, totaling $679,502,429. Of this only $3,117,416, or .46 percent, was received as interest on government obligations to any extent exempt from tax. In 1922 this percentage was .53, but in every other year from 1922 to 1929, inclusive, the percentage was lower, falling to .09 in 1925. Other large income groups show the same general situation. Wealthy people do not obtain their large incomes from interest on tax-exempt securities or from interest on any kind of securities. Instead, they make their money chiefly from dividends on stock and through the sale of assets at a gain. In 1927, for example, the 290 persons mentioned obtained approximately 86 percent of their income in these two ways. The Federal Trade Commission estimated that in 1922 the recipients of taxable incomes of $1,000,000 or more received only 2.05 percent of their taxable incomes as interest on tax-exempt securities.

We may also learn something from examining the composition of estates that are subject to the federal estate tax. These are the large estates and are presumably illustrative of the type of investment made by wealthy people. It is possible from the returns to learn how great a proportion of the estates was in securities exempt from taxation, and the current propaganda would lead us to believe that investments in that form would be an important percentage of the total. Yet from 1922 to 1929, both inclusive, the percentage in that form ranged from 6.26 in 1928 to 8.68 in 1925. There is no trend, the variations from year to year being slight, no more than casual ups and downs within the narrow range just given.

The data we have given shed no light upon what may have occurred since 1929 and it may be contended that many wealthy people have shifted to tax exempts partly to safeguard their principal. With the recent increase in tax rates there may be further movements of this sort.

It seems clear, however, that the amount of such purchases cannot be very large. The volume available in the market has not been great in recent years, and state, county and municipal issues will probably be restricted at present by weakened credit and by the fact that so many borrowing units have reached their legal limits. Moreover, it is to be noted that in the past, for example prior to 1924, with the high tax rates prevailing at that time, there was no rush to tax exempts. Unless and until something more tangible than assertion is presented we need fear nothing of the sort in 1932.

ERNEST MINOR PATTERSON.

# Samuel Insull

## II: *Chicago in His Vestpocket*

A REMARKABLE transformation came over Samuel Insull in mid-career. He was solidly entrenched in Chicago, controlling the gas and light companies and a considerable portion of the traction system; through the Middlewest Utilities Company he dominated key power units in every state in the Middle West; the Insull system was being extended in all directions. Yet he was comparatively unknown. His had been the method of an earlier generation: "the-public-be-damned" attitude of Commodore Vanderbilt. Now he was to be converted into a limelighted figure.

It was not at first an easy task, for Insull was autocratic, loath to unbend. Bernard J. Mullaney, a vice president of the People's Gas, Light and Coke Company and for many years public-relations director of various Insull companies, was in part responsible for the transformation. But as head of the Illinois State Council of Defense, Insull had had a taste of public authority and prestige, and he liked it. It was a position that gave him almost unrestricted power. "You know, I can do whatever I want to in this state now," he said once to the group about the council table with him. But

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he took care not to interfere with the essential arrangements of his own private domain. Repeatedly, influential groups came to him seeking the removal of "Big Bill" Thompson as mayor because of Thompson's supposed pro-German sympathies. Insull always put this request aside with a soft answer, a deprecating gesture. Thompson was too important to the Insull strategy for any such estrangement.

With this background Insull developed into the ideal after-dinner speaker. He issued statements and attended conventions and conferences and was interviewed when he returned from Europe and purred properly in the glow of the flashlights; all the surface gestures of the public personality. He added a few gestures of his own; at least one touch of pure genius, his public stockholders' meetings. These were held in the People's Hall in the gas building. Several thousand persons crowded into this public forum; employees of the Insull companies, worshipfully; Mrs. Common Citizen from Kedzie Avenue, rapturously, aware of her part in this performance, her six shares of Middlewest stock; the curious, the idle, awed by this show of democracy. On the well timed moment, the great Samuel Insull appeared and read the annual stockholders' report. And did Mrs. Common Citizen have a question to ask? Well, Mr. Insull would answer it in one, two, three order and send Mrs. Common Citizen home to Kedzie Avenue intoxicated by her rapport with this colossus.

There were all the conventional philanthropies. The Chicago Civic Opera Company became his private pet. Eight years ago he was made president and from that time forward he dominated the opera as he dominated the industries he controlled. For this privilege he paid, as principal guarantor, in a large way; exactly how much may never be known but the figure is well above a million dollars. Moreover, in various ways he compelled his associates to pay for the opera, too. Purchasing agents for the Insull companies made it discreetly known that a contribution to the opera would expedite any contemplated business. Insull hired singers, dictated policy; he liked to go from a full day at his offices in the gas building to the opera offices and there work through the early evening.

It was not long after he became president of the opera that he conceived the grandiose scheme for a skyscraper opera building, the revenue from office space to pay the opera's deficit. In 1927, the site was acquired. On November 4, 1929, the great structure was dedicated. It was on the Chicago scale; into its construction went more tons of bronze and gold-leaf than had gone into any other opera building in the world; it was the biggest, the best, the grandest, the greatest; and if the acoustics were imperfect and many persons in even the most expensive seats had difficulty in hearing, that didn't matter very much. There is a historic photograph of Insull on the threshold of his opera on the opening night, smiling the clipped, froglike smile of utter satisfaction. This was his achievement; Chicago itself was his achievement, his creation, the city securely tucked away in his vestpocket. "Big Bill" was in office and all was right with the world. To be sure, the stock-market crash had occurred, but in Insull's opinion that was an incident; a minor explosion to startle the rabbits out of the brush.

But the opera's deficit grew larger. In 1928-29, before the completion of the new building, it had been $528,356. In 1929-30 it was $558,528 and in 1930-31, $1,079,473. There are mysteries about the financing of the opera which may some day be cleared up, if and when the Andersen and Company audit of the Insull companies is made public. A rumor is current in Chicago to the effect that the consumers of gas and electricity all unwittingly contributed to this cultural enterprise; that there is a curious relationship between the financing of the opera and the Insull utilities.

To many persons Insull appeared in the role of a slightly patronizing Santa Claus. "Any man who comes to me with a cockney accent can have just about what he wants," he remarked on one occasion. There was always a strong streak of sentimentality concerning his humble English origin. In the course of many trips to New York on the Twentieth Century, Insull came to know a conductor who spoke wistfully of a desire to visit his birthplace in England. Because of a large family, this would probably never be possible. One day there came a formal note from Insull, enclosing a check covering the cost of a trip to England for the conductor and his family. It is Insull's boast that he has never tasted liquor, but the Insull cellars were well stocked; liquor was essential for those small, intimate gatherings of utility executives at the Electrical Club, another object of Insull's patronage, existing in magnificent state on the top floor of the opera building, and liquor was essential, too, for those intimate dinners at which the social gesture scarcely concealed the business motive.

Insull was at the height of his power in 1925; there was no rift, to the casual observer no single flaw. He had married a charming woman whose desire to return to the stage he was pleased to indulge. His son, Samuel, Jr., was graduated from Yale and already gave promise that he would be capable of receiving from his father at some future time control and direction of the Insull empire. But that was far in the future. The elder Insull was hale and hearty, with a lusty appetite for the fruits of his success. And yet there were probably moments, hours, when he saw with terrible clarity "the skull beneath the flesh"; confronted the truth, stripped, in a weary moment, of platitudinous disguise.

In Chicago's heyday, for perhaps twelve years, the graft totaled from three to four million dollars a week. The dispensing of that sum, realized from liquor and every form of vice and racket, meant

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control of the city; absolute control as it passed along in ever diminishing amounts down to the last and lowest ward heeler. The key to control of this graft rested with the chief of police, who was, to all intents and purposes, the head of a more or less loosely organized collection agency. But the office of police chief is an appointive one and, therefore, ultimate power belonged to the man who named the chief; ostensibly the mayor. This, of course, is a simplification of the picture, but there can be little doubt that it is true in its essentials.

"Big Bill" Thompson, contrary to popular legend, is not a shrewd, astute politician. He is a clown, a buffoon, with the mind of a cunning child, but without sufficient shrewdness to devise all his own buffoonery. The mind that manipulated Thompson during most of his years in public office was that of Samuel Ettelson, Insull's lawyer. For months at a time, while Thompson was in hospitals and sanitariums, Ettelson was acting mayor, wielding his power not in concealment but openly. In 1915 Thompson first ran for mayor. It was known that he was a large stockholder in the Commonwealth-Edison Company. It was charged that Insull contributed $100,000 to his campaign fund. And Thompson himself boasted, in his innocence, of his indebtedness to the slick lawyers who aided his campaign; Sam Ettelson and his partner, Dan Schuyler, who (as Thompson advertised the former) represented the State Street merchants and all the big "protected" corporations in Chicago. It was a general surprise when Thompson won the Republican nomination against a divided opposition; and a greater surprise when he beat Carter Harrison for the office.

After a brief experiment with another man, Thompson proceeded to appoint Ettelson as corporation counsel for the city, an office on which devolved the duty of instituting whatever legal actions the city might take concerning the rates and services maintained by public-utility companies. Ettelson went through the form of resigning from the law firm of Schuyler, Ettelson and Weinfeld, long known as "Insull's political lawyers." Schuyler remained on Insull's pay roll during the years that Ettelson served as corporation counsel. When William E. Dever was elected mayor, Ettelson became again openly one of Insull's lawyers; and upon Thompson's reëlection he once more withdrew from the Insull firm and accepted the office of corporation counsel.

Ettelson came increasingly to dominate Thompson. This shrewd lawyer is credited with devising some of the more astonishing dodges that were intended to divert attention from any real issues that might be raised: the "bust King George in the snoot" tactic; "Big Bill, the Builder"; the caged white rats; the whole bag of tricks that startled the world. In the early stages there were, it is said, rehearsals before a mirror; "Big Bill" was coached to play his part so that he would draw the biggest laugh, the loudest applause. Meanwhile Chicago had become virtually an armed camp, a gaudy frontier boom town. Beer trucks rumbled through the streets. There were daily gang killings, gun battles in the crowded Loop, justice and the law a ribald jest. The magnificos of the underworld and the upper world rode with their bodyguards in bulletproof limousines. There is reason to believe that Insull now and again was aware of what all this meant; of the terrible implications of the Frankenstein role he was playing. One may believe that from time to time he protested to Ettelson about the conduct of the city's government; and that Ettelson, an even more practical man of affairs than Insull, would answer: "Well, you can't run this thing like you run a tea party."

During the years from 1926 to 1932, there occurred two events of major significance to Insull's future. One was the murder of Jake Lingle in 1930, which drove Police Chief William Russell into retirement and upset a number of applecarts. Despite this incident, which had so disrupting an influence on political fortunes, Insull got from the city that same year what he had been seeking for so long, a franchise which gave his consolidated traction system a perpetual monopoly of the streets of Chicago. First, and far more important, however, came the Senate investigation into the Insull campaign contributions in 1926.

It was on the whole unfortunate for Insull that Senator Reed of Missouri was chairman of the committee that investigated expenditures in the 1926 campaign. For once the situation was out of Insull's control; the committee possessed certain facts; the fire-eating Reed was known to be implacable. Insull was mortally afraid. There seemed to be no line of influence which could reach Reed, although professional associations in Kansas City were not left untried.

Insull sat hunched up behind the committee table, backed by a phalanx of lawyers, his very attitude guarded, defensive. During his first brief appearance on the stand Senator Reed elicited the fact of the $125,000 contribution for Frank L. Smith, the Republican candidate for United States Senator, and the $15,000 contribution to George Brennan, the Democratic candidate. (Back in Chicago, members of an Independent Citizens' Committee remembered, when this latter fact was disclosed, that it had been Brennan who had insisted, as Dever's campaign manager, that the committee call off its exposure, in the 1927 campaign, of the Thompson-Insull connections.) Senator Reed sought by further questioning to show that Insull had made additional large campaign contributions to the local Crowe-Barrett faction, contributions which had, in effect, supported the Smith candidacy and therefore were within the province of the investigating committee. Insull balked and was granted time to consult his attorneys. Brennan took the stand and gave an interesting glimpse into Insull's political methods. He said:

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I want to say in that connection, Mr. Senator, that the contribution from Mr. Insull he indicated to you, was given to me the day that he left for Europe. He called me up on the phone and said, "Old fellow, don't you want to see me before I go away?" I went over to his office and he said to me, "Don't you need any money for the great Democratic organization of the state of Illinois?" I said, "Oh, we have no serious opposition. I don't contemplate anything; but nobody ever refuses money; and you always need money in political campaigns." He said, "I want to give you something. Of course I am a Republican!"

Returning to the stand, Insull took refuge behind a memorandum drawn up by his attorneys which justified his refusal to answer questions regarding the Crowe-Barrett contributions. The wily Reed sought to beat down this defense. There had been disclosed at the previous hearing the fact of Insull's large gifts to the Foreign Language Press Association for propaganda against America's entrance into the World Court, an important plank in Smith's campaign platform. This was in reality a subsidy to virtually every foreign-language paper in Chicago; this "association" had been for many years a most effective means of controlling a large body of opinion in Chicago. Seeking to justify this expenditure, the witness succeeded only in making some rather foolish disclosures. The testimony follows:

MR. INSULL: If I may be permitted, before you get away from that question of those payments to those foreign newspapers, I should very much like to interject here a statement.

I have been very much interested for a number of years—certainly since the War—in a number of schemes of Americanization, and I have made considerable contributions to that cause. I started some time ago to try and work out an organization of my own. The various institutions that I am connected with do a great deal of advertising, and my intention was to go ahead and develop that organization and use the business position that I occupy as a patron of the newspaper press in an advertising sense to help a series of articles on Americanization. I had not gotten around to doing it. I was beginning to get the organization in shape and it occurred to me to use this same organization in connection with a discussion of World Court matters; and that is how it happens that Mr. Schuyler [Ettelson's partner] handled that matter for me. . . . I take part in public affairs more or less. I have a right to. I am a citizen. Notwithstanding some of the newspaper comments—excuse my quoting the newspapers—as being responsible for $650,000,000 of investment in the state of Illinois, I have some right to take part in these affairs. I have wandered a little from my subject.

THE CHAIRMAN: Do I understand you to mean that you have a special right because you control this money?

MR. INSULL: No, sir; no, sir. I have a special duty to the 100,000 stockholders and 150,000 bondholders in the state of Illinois to watch their interests. But that is not the basis of my being interested in public affairs.

Then occurred that brilliant bit of cross-examination by which Senator Reed got from Insull an unwitting admission of the contribution made through Roy O. West to Senator McKinley, Smith's opponent in the primary. Although no court action followed these disclosures, the whole damage was done. Insull had been caught cold, the unforgivable crime. There were indications that his domination of the utility field would no longer go unchallenged. He sent a long telegram to a meeting of the National Electric Light Association shortly afterward, extending his customary advice and felicitations and regretting his absence. It was received in ominous silence. Martin Insull, his brother, left the meeting. The fight for supremacy had begun.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS.

*This is the second of a series of three articles on the career of Insull.*—THE EDITORS.

# Lincoln Steffens and Upton Sinclair

LINCOLN STEFFENS'S autobiography and Upton Sinclair's "American Outpost" offset each other in an interesting way.

Steffens's mind is much more flexible than Sinclair's: he sees the different fields of human activity from the point of view of those who work in them. He knows the world and is tolerant, can explain to you the naturalness of everything. He is capable of skepticism. Upton Sinclair, on the other hand, is always absolutely sure he is right and that people who see things differently are wrong; he has a vision of good and evil at grips in all the affairs of the world. His principles possess him so completely that it seems hard for him even to imagine how people can do the things he disapproves of. His Puritan moralism, one feels, would always have made it impossible for Sinclair to win the confidence of policemen and politicians as Lincoln Steffens did—one of the city bosses Steffens interviewed said that Steffens was a born crook who had gone straight—because, though he might have pitied, he could never really have sympathized with them, could not have helped letting them see he condemned them. His convictions would always have prevented Sinclair from being a first-rate newspaper man; whereas Steffens is the American newspaper man par excellence.

There is a significant anecdote in Steffens's book:

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> One day [he writes] Upton Sinclair called on me at the office of McClure's and remonstrated. [It was during Steffens's muckraking period.]
>
> "What you report," he said, "is enough to make a complete picture of the system, but you seem not to see it. Don't you see it? Don't you see what you are showing?"
>
> My answer was a description of what I saw, and it was all that he saw, apparently, for he went out and said, "That man sees it all right." What Sinclair did not realize was that I could hardly believe what I was seeing, and that I could not, in so short a time, change my mind to fit the new picture. I was not yet over my education. . . .

It took Steffens pretty nearly his whole life to complete this education and to arrive at the conclusions which eluded him then. And when he did decide that the socialists were right, that the source of political corruption was not bad men in power, but the capitalist system, he still looked to Henry Ford for salvation. But if it may be said of Steffens that even after he had decided to align himself on the side of the socialists, he was still capable of entertaining doubts as to whether there was really an alignment, it may be said that Upton Sinclair had already taken sides in the struggle of the exploited against the exploiters before he knew what it was all about. His point of view, he says in "American Outpost," was arrived at through the psychology of a poor relation. The child of a hard-drinking Southern father who had disgraced a family of naval officers by falling to be a traveling salesman and a mother who sought escape from the indignities of sordid lodgings in the house of a well-to-do sister, he had been confronted from the beginning "by the contrast between riches and poverty, and thereby impelled to think and to ask questions. . . . From the age of perhaps seventeen to twenty-two, I faced our civilization of class privilege absolutely alone in my own mind; that is to say, whatever I found wrong with this civilization, I thought that I alone knew it, and the burden of changing it rested on my spirit."

When in 1902 a Socialist gave him some Socialist literature, "it was like the falling down of prison walls about my mind. . . . There were actually others who understood; who saw what had gradually become clear to me. That the heart and center of the evil lay in leaving the social treasure, which nature had created, and which every man has to have in order to live, to become the object of a scramble in the market-place, a delirium of speculation."

Steffens is, as I have said, the typical American newspaper man raised to the highest degree and with a philosophical point of view which few newspaper men have. He presents himself as a traveler with leisure, talking easily and genially to all the world; his gradual exploration of society furnishes an illuminating commentary and makes an immensely entertaining story. Only occasionally do we see him break out in his contacts with the powers of the world with angry blighting retorts and sudden embarrassing facts. And when we think about Steffens's story, especially after reading Sinclair's, we reflect that Lincoln Steffens has not told us so much about himself after all. He has spun us a tale which takes place in a special and somewhat artificial journalistico-philosophical realm. There is really nothing personal in Steffens which goes so trenchantly down to the truth as, for example, Upton Sinclair's explanation of the way in which his family situation gave rise to his radical psychology. Even in insisting upon his own exploits, Upton Sinclair makes us see him as he was. We are not sure that we ever know Steffens.

The notes of "American Outpost," casually undertaken as they seem to have been, are strung on a taut wire and communicate a current. Sinclair's innocence, egoism, priggishness, sometimes irritate us—as in his story of the terrible winter that he brought his young wife to spend in a tent outside Princeton, where they knew nobody, with a two-year-old baby and compelled through Upton's ignorance of birth control to practise the severest chastity —while Upton wrote "Manassas." Yet he ends by inspiring us with respect. A fundamental earnestness and sweetness take the curse off his attitude of moral superiority; a devotion to values beyond his own interests outweighs his egoism. After all, he had kept faith with himself, put through what he had undertaken. True, Mrs. Sinclair had to suffer; but then Upton himself was taking every possible loss, including that of losing his wife.

As we read this story of Sinclair's early adventures, we remember the stink of the mucker publicity with which, after the appearance of "The Jungle," the newspapers went on to exploit Sinclair's colony at Helicon Hall and the break-up of his second marriage, and we find it strangely moving to read today the human story behind it. In the world of those newspapers of the early nineteen-hundreds, there was at any rate one man who had the courage to run counter to all their assumptions and give the lie to all their legends.

You cannot tie up Upton Sinclair with any school of political Marxism: he seems to have stood somewhat apart from his own Socialist camp ever since he dissociated himself from the Socialist leaders who supported the War, and he does not altogether satisfy the Communists. But the fact is that, as an independent writer, he has performed a unique service. Practically alone among the American writers of his generation, he put to the American public the fundamental questions raised by capitalism in such a way that they could not escape them.

There was something in Upton Sinclair of the innocent Shelleyan radicalism which assumes that if people were only given a chance they would be as pure and gentle as oneself and something of the Rousseauesque Puritan radicalism which draws strength from its own maladjustment for the con-

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demnation of a social system. And by that time, even in middle-class America and even in the middle class itself, the true radical, though he might never have heard of Marx, had to turn against his middle-class tradition and find the flag of a new revolution. EDMUND WILSON.

*In his next article, the eighth in the series, Mr. Wilson will discuss Marxist history.*—THE EDITORS.

# Washington Notes

*What's Hidden under the Brown Derby?—High Up in the Hills with the Democrats—The Republicans Dig in*

AS THIS is written the great and only Al is still occupying his isolated position outside the Democratic breastworks, refusing to answer questions, make comments, give interviews or issue statements. Every day or so I see a prediction that a declaration favoring the Roosevelt-Garner candidacy is coming from him. He is said to be about to make a speech in Massachusetts, a state which is full of his disaffected friends, and he is reported to have written an editorial, urging the Roosevelt-Garner ticket, for the first issue of The New Outlook, of which he is the new editor. Various other predictions about when and how Al is to "come through" are being made. Perhaps by the time these lines are printed one or another of them will have been verified, and the once happy warrior be perched up on the top of the Roosevelt bandwagon in the seat so conspicuously reserved for him. On the other hand, he may postpone occupation for quite a while yet—maybe until the very end of the ride.

It is hard for me to see how he can avoid getting aboard in one form or another in a reasonably short time. However, one would hardly say that his most recent Saturday Evening Post article is calculated to promote Roosevelt's candidacy or ease himself into position for the jump. On the contrary, that article was pretty generally interpreted as a challenge to Governor Roosevelt to declare himself upon an issue which he has so far sedulously avoided touching: to wit, the matter of the immediate payment of the bonus and the general business of the veteran-compensation load.

I think I pointed out in this place some weeks ago that the silence of the Democratic candidate on these questions was weighing heavily upon the conscience of some of his supporters—for example, the esteemed New York Times—and that he was being pressed to clarify his attitude. I likewise pointed out that his practical political friends were anxious that he do nothing of the sort. They take the realistic view that the advocates of the bonus and the veteran vote generally are now against Mr. Hoover and that it is not good political sense needlessly to divide their antagonism with him.

The Smith article may make some difference for two reasons. One is that a Roosevelt declaration against the bonus might pave the way for a ringing endorsement from Al. The other is that it so augments public interest in the issue that a continued silence would become harmful—particularly if the Republicans exert any degree of skill in pressing the point. Al's insistence that the presidential candidates owe it to the people to speak plainly on this subject seems squarely directed at Mr. Roosevelt, inasmuch as Hoover, Norman Thomas and W. Z. Foster have made their attitude abundantly plain.

Since this most recent Smith utterance, there have been, I understand, some conferences among the Roosevelt managers here and in New York, at which they discussed the wisdom of a bold statement from their candidate. The trouble is that the candidate is now touring the country at a high rate of speed, full of exultation over the assurance of support heaped on him in the West, and with his mind on the four or five major speeches which must be delivered before his return. News of what his managers are thinking has been conveyed to him by telephone conversations with the astute Mr. Farley, but the word comes back that the situation is so good that it seems a pity to do anything which might spoil it. Despite this, however, I have the feeling that Mr. Roosevelt will not go to the end of the campaign without expressing himself on the subject. For one thing, I doubt if he wants to remain silent; for another, the prodding will probably force him to. But, you never can tell, and Mr. Roosevelt is no bungling amateur at the game of practical politics. He can be bold enough when the boldness lies in attacking the Republican party, but there is as yet no record of his going out of his way to antagonize an organized minority with the unnecessary expression of a conviction.

The fact is that the Democratic prospects have so vastly improved with the Maine sweep that there is danger of falling into the fatal error of overconfidence. The victory in Maine was so complete and unexpected, and the triumphs of the Western tour so glamorous and exciting, that there seems to be a general disposition among the so-called Democratic leaders to consider the fight over and their side in. It is all right to tell that to the people, but it seems to me slightly imprudent to believe it yourself. The Democrats, it is true, would probably carry the country overwhelmingly if the election were held today. All I am pointing out is that the election is not to be held today, but is still nearly eight weeks off, and that allowances are not being made either for the resourcefulness of the Republican party or its normal superiority in numbers.

I have seen a number of presidential campaigns in which the farmers and the laborers were strongly Democratic in September, but did not vote that way in November. The Maine vote was as depressing to the administration managers as it was exhilarating to the Democrats, but it would be a complete mistake to believe that the former have accepted it as proving that they cannot win and have given up the fight. Quite the reverse has occurred. The Maine result has been accepted as showing that they have still got their fight to win, but not at all that it cannot be won.

The interesting thing in this connection is the light in which it has shown Mr. Hoover. Instead of throwing him into a state of hopelessness, it appeared to stir his Quaker blood to a fighting pitch. At least that is what I am told by some of those in closest contact with him.

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He it was who sent the word down the line that all this meant was that the party had to stiffen up and put on the pressure. Many a Republican fight, he pointed out, had been won in the last six weeks of the campaign, and this one could and would be.

The order was to stiffen up and go to it. Mr. Hoover, I am told, sees in the present contest almost complete similarity to the old Bryan campaigns. The forces back of Roosevelt, he thinks, are the same forces that were back of Bryan, including the Hearst newspapers. He visualizes himself as supported by the solid business interests and conservative classes of the country. He is convinced that the country is conservative and that, with a measurable improvement of conditions before November, the Democratic campaign, which is wholly based on a capitalization of discontent and resentment, will collapse, as did the Bryan campaigns.

That is the way the White House views the situation at the moment, and this view is reflected by the Cabinet officers and the organization managers. There are, it is true, some who are disheartened and believe that Mr. Hoover completely underestimates the general animosity to his administration and does not appreciate the strong desire for a change—any change—in the hearts of the people. Nevertheless, most of them still have a lot of fight left and are confident of the ability of organization work and money to bring back into the fold the strayed farmers and workers, normally Republican, in sufficient numbers to hold the regular Republican states. They look to the weight of the business interests, the disgruntled Smith following and the distaste of Tammany for the Democratic national ticket to hold the New York group of states.

In following out these ideas, the first Republican move has been to go after the money, and my information is that in the last five days more so-called "sinews of war" were obtained than had been in the previous five weeks. This is explained on the theory that until after the Maine election the probability of Roosevelt's becoming President had not seriously impressed itself upon the large contributors. After Maine, they were impressed, alarmed and far easier to touch.

The net result of all this is that no matter how bright the Democratic outlook seems to be, it will not do to take too much for granted. This is normally a Republican country by six or seven million voters and it takes more than a Maine election and a triumphant tour in the West to snatch away the presidency from the G.O.P. I stated last week that Mr. Hoover expected to make at least two speeches before the end of the campaign. The plans now include three, and upon these Republican hopes are largely centered. That the President did himself a lot of good in his speech of acceptance on August 11 is pretty generally conceded. The idea is that with his heart put into three more speeches, the way he put his heart into that one, and party pressure applied all along the line, an advance can be made that will turn the tide. All of this remains to be seen. What I am trying to say is that the idea of this campaign's being over does not seem to be well founded. On the contrary, the real fighting is about to begin.

T. R. B.

Washington.

# Film Note: Greta Garbo

SINCE Miss Greta Garbo came to America some years ago, her fame has grown and grown. In her last picture, a Hollywood and rather nursery version of Pirandello's "As You Desire Me," she has come to the end of her contract and to her highest success; the piece has passed from one end of country to the other in triumph, and Miss Garbo has gone back to Sweden, to return or not to return as the case may be. During all this time her position has steadily advanced. As to her drawing capacity I know very little, these are delicate and falsified matters on the whole, and what drawing power means, crowded box offices, I am still uncertain. I remember once, coming back from Italy, half an hour after Gibraltar, and just as we were passing the coast of Spain, with a vista magnificent and ever changing, how most of the passenger list had hastened below decks to see Jackie Coogan. There is no proverb about the ears and eyes of people being the ears and eyes of God. Miss Garbo's box-office realities, nevertheless, are very great and, I feel sure, have steadily increased, or there would not be so many pictures of her promulgated or efforts at spreading news, such news, that is, as can be snappily concocted, about her, all of which costs the producers money.

Certainly it can be said that Miss Garbo is unique among Hollywood ladies and curiously untouched by its vulgar silliness of report and its obvious and intimate kodak and journalism. Meantime she supplies an odd comment on our public, with regard to its popular philosophy, its esthetic theory and its soul. Both satire and poetry and common dream are involved.

By Miss Garbo's being a comment on the popular philosophy of a great people and a great democratic legend, I mean two things. The first is in a lighter vein The managerial publicity for Miss Garbo, based soundly enough on facts, has created unceasingly the theme of her solitude. She does not make a part of crowds; she has moments when she likes to be alone; she flees publicity; she likes to live privately. In general this is a thought that almost strangles our average citizen. What, not go to a committee, not ride forth, not take a part in the community; if you can sing, not do it on the radio; if you are blessed with a motor, not speed somewhere; if you have a house, not create a swarming for it; if you have emotions, not carry them and tell! At any rate, conceive of someone who stays in when he could go out, who could see people but thinks it a kind of communion, peace, rest or right to be alone sometimes! This has made Miss Garbo almost a national puzzle. It could have been explained away by making her a freak or a high-hat. But she is neither. She is not even sick; Swedish people are athletic. We must swallow it, then, as a cosmic mystery, this successful star really likes at times to be alone.

In the course of democratic thought another point, much more serious, has arisen. What are artists? Are they any different from anybody else? To this challenge many of our artists of the theatre have arisen. They are as everyday as everybody. I was told in Grand Rapids once of a singer from the Metropolitan who, at a Rotarian dinner in his honor, told the diners that he was just like the rest

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of them, no different, singing was his business just as bonding, banking, running a laundry, was theirs. This was no doubt true, but it does not affect the question. One of the things to ponder in the theatre now, in the opera especially, is the vast melee of fallen stars. They are not fallen from fiscal stardom, they are fallen from glamor. As stars they are known for their hits, their successes, their salaries and contracts, sometimes for their personalities, real or created by their agents and managers; they remain just folks like the rest of us. That is the great balm. But they are not the glamor and wonder of the heart, not any longer. As the dramatist tells us in "The Swan," royalty, like swans, should stay well away from the bank; seen close at hand they are apt to be at best but waddling animals. So it is in the theatre ultimately, but not in democratic theory.

The sarcasm of all this is that Miss Garbo contradicts the whole business. We know very little of her, not really. Visitors to Hollywood do not see her. Junior League conventions, given a dinner by the producers, with all the screen stars lined up as *hors d'oeuvres* and flashlights as souvenirs, miss this one relish in the lot; they see everybody but Greta Garbo, and though they like the haircut of some great artist, they depart with a certain awe about this refusing Swedish player. A little actress, renting Miss Garbo's house, may get a picture published of Garbo's bed, renting publicity. Nor do we see photographs of Greta Garbo meeting someone at the train or drinking Swedish punch with a millionaire, or buried in the midst of a pile of books (wooden movie properties) or any other blessed fiddledeedee for the popular heart. There were tricks in plenty among the old stars. Patti was not without her special coaches and her parrots and imperial gems, nor did the Barnum method leave untouched the great figure of Bernhardt, who carried in her his soul's epic. But when all was said and done, their splendor and ability shone at the proper shining time. These ancient tricks are tired now, overworked, and most stars are starry in long-runs, incomes, romances and scandals. It can be said that to Miss Garbo some of the glamor, old-style, baffling, full of dreams, imaginings and wonder, has returned. If nothing else, in many instances, she is a blessed rebuff to the back-slapping and personal-friend-of-mine citizens that appropriate the artists of the theatre, who in their turn are too scared of their positions, too greedy or too mediocre themselves to do anything different. It would be a sad day in our midst if our great ticket-buying public should learn one chief and simple fact about art, which is that a great artist is like everybody else but is not like anybody else. Alas, equality and the folks!

Esthetically the case of Miss Greta Garbo is a kind of joke on the whole theatre public. The realism-democracy theory that the great public holds concerning the theatre tells us that acting is just being natural, being the character, things as they are, none of the spouting and artificiality of the old fellows. Down deep, this prose-nature business is the last thing wanted; most people, however flat, want art to be art, without offending them by being anything different from anything else. The lurking dream is there, nevertheless, the desire for creation anew, the fresh world of fiction, flux or ideality. What they think they want would be best found in the zoo, since nothing so acts like an elephant as an elephant. What they really want is the difference between the moon in the sky and the moon in the water; they want a new birth with a nameless difference; they want resemblance with escape. What they declare and actually seek is what they won't like when they get it. The public arrives by things outside of its declarations, and obeys constantly forces it could never understand. In whatever style, what people want in acting is acting. Miss Garbo solves this problem without seeming to, and, for that matter, even when she is not acting at all. At the very start her foreign accent gives her a certain removal. It is not necessarily a style, a treatment, a definite elevation or distillation; it is primarily a physical fact that removes her from the ordinary and makes possible the illumination, unreality and remoteness that we thirst after. That remote entity of her spirit, a certain noble poignancy in her presence, a certain solitary fairness, a sense of mood that is giving and resisting at the same time: these defeat and break down the poor little common theory of naturalness and prose method. This player is not hoity-toity or highbrow or any of that, the public feels; she is not unnatural; she is like somebody, they don't know just who, but still—. Her mere physical factual distance from the audience parallels the distance that style in art assures and that instinct expects, so that what they would deny in theory they now run after in fact.

This is leaving out of account the side of the public's relation to Miss Garbo that is so much to its credit. People's souls sense in her some concentration or magnetism that they value. There is a muteness, inaccessibility and beauty that attracts both men and women. She presents an instance of the natural and right progress of the poetic: from the concrete toward ideality. There is in her work no cheapness of attack, it is clear that her services could not be obtained for such effects. Her mind is not patently technical, her spirit not easily flexible, so that it is mainly a larger something that comes off to the audience, and in the future there will be a fuller development and radiance of her natural resources according to her own study, training and the influences to which she is subjected.

As to Miss Garbo's performances, her creations of the roles assigned her, they have been variable. Such a role as Mata Hari, in a silly play, with a cast made up largely of lollipops and a brindling, venal atmosphere of Hollywood danger and war, was not for her, though the piece could have been written for her particular qualities. "Romance" was a cruel venture to subject her to, not because she could not have played some Nordic artist, beautiful, absorbed, passionate and changing, but because she was burdened with creating a child of the sun, rich, impish, swanlike and typical, cosmic as legend, and this had no relation either to her realm of feeling and beauty or her external technique. In Pirandello's "As You Desire Me," Miss Garbo for the first time came, in my opinion, into her own, so far forward indeed that this discussion of her must remain inadequate. For the first time she seemed to me to show in her playing an inner delight and happy dedication to the love and joy of it. Her stage movement has grown lighter and more varied; the line of her hands has taken on a new and vivid life; and the diversity in technical attack and in the player's vitality seemed to me much greater. The secret luminous center of such playing

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cannot be conveyed, of course, any more than its shining fluency can be forgotten. Something is given in this playing of Miss Garbo's that I have not seen given before, and from the moments of her playing it seemed to me something radiant returned to her; she seemed to me not another person but a new artist in her art.

STARK YOUNG.

# Art and Infancy

THE GARDEN was the Luxembourg. Around the bench I was on, with an assurance that contrasted with the tentative openings of a solitary young thrush, juvenile sparrows were making their debut. It faced a triangular patch covered with broad-leafed ivy; the trees—half a dozen chestnuts—made a little grove. And placed in that grove, having a quietude that statuary on the open lawns did not have, was a bust that had a tall shaft for its base. More interesting than the features the sculptor had modeled was the bas-relief on the shaft—in fact the bas-relief without the bust would have made a charming monument. It showed a little girl giving a puppet show to an audience of four youngsters: she stands manipulating the strings with both hands and the audience has every tremor of excitement. *"La Comédie Enfantine"* is inscribed under the bas-relief. I cannot discover who the strict-looking personage is to whom the monument is dedicated; the name under the bust is obliterated. I should like to know who had this association with comedy and childhood.

Having looked for some time at the bas-relief with the stains of green mold upon it, I was able to read with sympathy a denunciation of the rationalist, the modernist, scheme of education. It was in an editorial in the newspaper I had with me.

> To pretend to teach childhood without first peopling the memory [wrote Charles Maurras], without filling it with fables, with hymns, with songs, with proverbs, rhymes, dates, lists of capes and straits, declensions and conjugations—to wish to utilize the superior faculties before the inferior faculties have been, I do not say furnished or adorned, but used, trained, vivified, is to give too much labor to judgment, to reason, to the critical and logical powers by making them lose many precious hours, and to give them too much fatigue before they are able to apply themselves to materials worthy of them.

While I am still on the bench before the little grove I come on another reference to infancy. It is a notice of an exhibition—*"L'art pour l'enfant."*

I left the place where, looking on the graceful and lively figures of the bas-relief, I was drawn back to the play hours of children who knew the histories of the Forty Champions of Christendom and who had permanency behind them—permanency of places, of ideas, of relationships, and went to the exhibition. On my way, to gratify the young person who went with me, I made the ascent of the Eiffel Tower. As I looked down from the first stage, the scene below seemed toylike. It was not that the people, the lawns, the formal gardens, were toylike because they were diminished (miniatures are not toys); it was because they had taken on the roundness and the flatness that the toy-maker always gets into his work. It is not distance, I realized, that makes things toylike. It is the perspective of height. Toys are things to look down on. The toy-maker is one who lives on a tower. And thinking this over I went into the exhibition.

Attached to it was a small museum dedicated to the memory of the Countess de Ségur—a museum of souvenirs of the generation who were the first readers of "Mémoires d'un Ane" and "Un Bon Petit Diable." Before taking stock of things offered to children of the present day, I was able to note how the children of the Second Empire were provided for.

Here is a recreation room of theirs. The wallpaper makes it look like a padded room. On the wall a birdcage hangs, on the shelf are half a dozen books all in identical red covers. There are two dolls very drably dressed. On the table is a little candle. I have a sense of being shut in and of looking out into a rainy garden. Then I turn to look at the rooms that parents of present-day children can have the experts of famous studios furnish for them.

The little candle in the other room was symbolic. For the present-day rooms have abundance of light. And the lighting itself is treated as a fantasy. Look at the lighting of this room: the bulbs hang in the form of a cluster of bananas that is being looked at by a monkey from the back wall. In these rooms, to be sure, there are furnishings and decorations which are just novelties—effects which custom would take away the freshness and surprise of: we must be on our guard against being enthusiastic about such. That monkey-puzzle with the amusing monkey hanging from it which makes a decoration for the back of a room—in a while it would seem as ordinary as the birdcage and the drab dolls. Still, discounting effects such as these, effects which are just novelties, we can say that present-day children have worth-while things offered them—light, uncrowded space, simplicity, fantasy, proportion. As we look into these rooms, we are no longer reminded of the miserable sign over journeymen-tailors' shops—"Gents' suits cut down for juveniles." These are not grown-ups' rooms cut down: some sympathetic intelligence has been put into making them places for children, with furnishings and decorations that have relation to children's sizes and minds and some consideration for the ease of growing bodies. And yet I feel that these bright rooms lack something: an element of permanency, of tradition.

For it seems to me that any of these admirable fixtures might be changed tomorrow and something different featured. That richness of tradition which reaches us from the bas-relief of the puppet-show can hardly be associated with rooms such as these. That richness went with permanency of places, ideas, relationships, even of furnishings: in the room in the museum, the wallpaper, the chairs, the shelf, were there for ever. There was a candle in every history the children heard or read. As I think over this, the protest of Charles Maurras comes back to me: he feels, I suppose, that in children there is an automatic, a passive, element; it is this that should be used, trained, vivified. Well, I can't imagine this element having much attention given it in these expertly furnished rooms.

I should prefer to speak of it as the element which makes children born spectators, born audiences. No explorer or interpreter of the child mind has made enough of

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the fact that children can be and love to be spectators and audiences. It is because they have the sense of audience that comes from being audience that they make their play drama. "Go to bed now," said a mother to a child in a house in the Dublin countryside I was in. "Ah, I want to be listening to the chat," said the youngster. No theatre-frequenter, no lecture-goer, ever expressed such longing for a prolongation of his excitement, his enlightenment, his pure entertainment. And what was the "chat" about? About the price of herrings, the characters in a pub, the politics of road repairing. In truth, this passive element, the element which envelops and keeps "fables, hymns, songs, proverbs, rhymes, dates, lists of capes and straits, declensions and conjugations" is an element in children's minds which should be acknowledged, respected, fostered; it is the element which makes it possible for any of us to have such an incredible accomplishment as a human language—to have acquired even two or three languages in fifty moons. I have a notion that what makes children such absorbed spectators and audiences might flourish better by the light of the little candle than under the charming arrangement that holds the electric bulbs in the present-day room.

If this be so, we cannot estimate the loss in entertainment and enlightenment to childhood that the departures from the old-time crowded family life with its comings and goings have brought about. Here sits a child watching a woman knitting; the flame on the hearth rises and sinks down; there are shadows on the walls; the clock ticks loudly; the cat drags her kittens about; a man comes in with a load of wood, and a friendly or quarrelsome discussion begins between him and the knitter. These are types that the child will remember, that he will discover in every literature, in every history. As he listens to them he learns about human history and human relationships. Rhymes, fables, lists of straits and capes, conjugations and declensions, become part of what he guesses at. He knows about the world as man first knew about it—as myth.

But enough of reverie: Let us see what is to be seen in the exhibition and the museum attached to it. In the museum there are magic lanterns and music boxes, a view of the London exhibition of 1852, a miniature drawing-room and kitchen. We realize that the children of past days had possessions as well as playthings—these were not things to get tired of and discard. Everything that should be in a drawing-room is in the replica we look into: a lady seated center, a maid standing to make some announcement, a piano with a sheet of music on it, pictures on the walls, flowers in vases. Even more complete is the kitchen. The cook stands by the stove, and above her head are burnished pans and saucepans, each in proper scale. On the shelves are jars and containers of every kind—a hundred of them and every one perfectly made. Under the shelves are coops with poultry in them. Everything is there in numbers, and everything is in its place. The child who owned this could have the most delightful time making an inventory of his or her possessions—things and things and things—a whole treasury of familiar things.

The toys made for children of our day have color and fantasy: giraffes and monkeys and Teddy-bears and villagers of savage lands. And then there are toy-concourses that are full of liveliness and humor—they are made in the Ecole Municipale Boulle—a country railway station, a marketplace, a shepherd's shelter in the Alps; porters on the railway platform wheeling barrows, friends embracing, the conductor waving his flag; or, in the marketplace, the old woman, the geese, the public monument, the traffic policeman, the motor halted. A real toy-maker's imagination, it seems to me, has gone into these crowded scenes, and they represent new ideas in the craft. I note what types of humanity lend themselves to the toy-makers's art. Soldiers always did. Policemen do. So do railway porters, train-conductors and anyone whose profession is familiar and can be indicated simply: it is as an agent of the community that man is toylike. And, remembering the scene from the Eiffel Tower, I think he must be seen from the top of something.

PADRAIC COLUM.

# Not on the Ticker Tape

PERILOUS, indeed, is the Republican strategy of laying its hopes for vindication on the mercurial stock ticker. The state of Maine gave a blunt reminder of this truism. Experienced observers of the great speculative whirlpool have long recognized the dangers of making short-time prophecies. An August rally is frequently dissipated in an autumn reaction. If stock prices are the basis of voting—and it is a sad commentary on the public spirit of the American people if they are—then the question arises whether the public will reward the administration for rallies or rebuke it for reactions. Unquestionably, the popular policy would be to have non-stop bull markets. Then the sucker public, which has more votes than the limited group of astute financiers, would be the apparent beneficiaries, and would vote "right" on November 8.

It seems to me a tactical blunder for members of the G.O.P. to lug the stock market into the picture, particularly in view of the fact that before the summer rally many stock prices were down 90 percent from the 1929 peak levels. If the electorate are to base their voting on the action of the stock market, the ticker clearly invites support for William Z. Foster of the Communist party.

Though academicians debated about the genuineness of the stock-market rise and its political significance, hard-boiled bankers were disposed to make hay while the sun shone. The rally gave bankers a chance to concentrate on reducing bad loans, especially collateral loans, which had become undermargined or gone "under water." While the panic was on, it was necessary for the banks to sit tight. Holding loans under water, they had in effect ceased to be creditors and had become partners in the transaction, hoping that a fortuitous rise would enable them to get out whole.

The rise in bonds had an even more direct effect on the solvency of banks, raising the market value of their investments and thus strengthening the balance-sheet position of numerous scattered banks which had been on the borderline, if not over it. The more astute bankers, instead of hanging on to speculative bonds, took advantage of the rally to get rid of them. But, unfortunately, many bankers lacked the wisdom to make a switch. They preferred to think that the upturn in security prices was permanent. As a matter of fact, the outlook for stocks and bonds depends in the last analysis on whether there is a substantial in-

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crease in the gross volume of business in the United States, justifying the existing capitalization which is plainly too large for the current deflated volume of trade. True, President Hoover has expressed the hope that next winter would be the last of the depression; but the presidential record in economic forecasting is not such as to warrant commitments on the basis of Mr. Hoover's wishful thinking.

Practical professional speculators took advantage of the renaissance of financial optimism to distribute large amounts of stock, including much that had previously been unmarketable even at lower prices. One small Stock Exchange firm, expressing skepticism concerning the market, pointed out to me that a professional had distributed 100,000 shares of an obscure company through this house's facilities at what the house itself regarded as an unwarranted price. It took for granted that this transaction was typical of many others of which it had no first-hand information. Such comment was substantiated in numerous other quarters. . . . But, so far as the shares of strong, well managed companies are concerned, it will not be known whether the sellers were wiser than the buyers until we have data on the future course of business.

Four years ago Mr. Hoover took credit, on behalf of his party, for all the economic sunshine. It is therefore only human nature for his adversaries to hold him responsible for the economic storms. But in truth, there is so little philosophic difference between the two parties that over the course of years politics has been a distinctly minor factor in American economic cycles.

Where there is real disagreement on economic matters, however, an election can make a difference. The re-adoption of bi-metalism in 1896 would have been a decisive move. More recently, the election in 1920 of Governor Lowden of Illinois, instead of Warren G. Harding of Ohio, might well have altered the course of post-war economic history in the United States. Though a business man and a conservative, Governor Lowden saw clearly the danger of permitting the disparity between farm incomes and prices for manufactured goods to continue. He proposed to use the power of government to regulate prices received by farmers for products used at home. Mr. Lowden's party turned thumbs down on him, and the disturbing disequilibrium was allowed to become chronic. Almost until the time of the stock-market panic, however, the situation was hidden from popular view first by crop shortages, which proved temporary correctives, and later by the practice of dumping capital freely into the farm areas by instrumentalities of government, encouraging farmers to approach economic suicide by using capital as income. With the flow of such capital cut off since the depression and with prices of farm products deflated disproportionately to those for manufactured goods, the 8,500,000 workers on the farms have been pauperized. Their inability to buy has cut off a large part of the market for factory goods and, as a result, unemployment in the cities has been greatly augmented.

Farm relief, accordingly, is no longer an issue for farmers alone. The responsible industrial interests should realize that a rise in value of farm products is essential to their own prosperity.

In his Topeka address, Governor Roosevelt followed the spirit of the farm-relief policy of former Secretary McAdoo, which, by the way, was sketched by the president of an outstanding industrial corporation. Other business men, including Owen D. Young, Bernard M. Baruch and H. I. Harriman, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, are among the city folk who are pressing for farm relief as a means of ending the depression.

Growing criticism is being heard of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation experiment, which ladled out tens of millions of public funds merely to postpone certain receiverships and to give other institutions an opportunity to avoid the consequences of their own blunders. Unlike financing public works, such expenditures entailed no new employment and stimulated no new creation of wealth.

While politicians are still thinking in obsolete terms of classical economics, a minority of thoughtful business executives are beginning to think in terms of a new social order. Sir Henri Deterding, the oil king, recently observed:

> No great lasting good can be realized in any industry before the industrial world begins to see where the shoe pinches, and at present staring (as the world does) blindly on wages, as well as on numbers of employees, she is looking at the wrong "pinched" foot; it is the other shoe that pinches, namely, the "consumption shoe."
>
> Surely, it is impossible to contradict the fact that it is solely lack of consumption and/or purchasing power which is at the bottom of the present crisis.

L. M. N.

# *CORRESPONDENCE*

## Gandhi and the Untouchables

SIR: Your readers may be interested in recalling Mahatma Gandhi's statement regarding the "Untouchables," delivered while he was attending the Indian Conference in London last autumn.

New York City. BASANTA KOOMAR ROY.

[Enclosure]

One word more as to the so-called Untouchables.

I can understand the claim advanced by other minorities, but the claims advanced on behalf of the Untouchables—that is to me the "unkindest cut of all." It means the perpetual bar sinister. I would not sell the vital interests of the Untouchables even for the sake of winning the freedom of India. I claim myself, in my own person, to represent the vast masses of the Untouchables. Here I speak not merely on behalf of the Congress, but on my own behalf; and I claim that if there was a referendum of the Untouchables, I would get their vote and top the poll to boot. And I would work from one end of India to the other telling the Untouchables that separate electorates and separate reservation [of seats] are not the way to remove this bar sinister which is the shame, not of the Untouchables themselves, but of orthodox Hinduism.

Let this Committee and let the whole world know that today there is a body of Hindu reformers who are pledged to remove this blot of untouchability. We do not want on our register and on our census Untouchables classified as a separate class. Sikhs may remain as such in perpetuity, so may Moslems, so may Europeans.

Will Untouchables remain Untouchables in perpetuity? I would far rather that Hinduism died than that untouchability lived. Therefore, with all my regard for Dr. Ambedkar, and his desire to see the Untouchables uplifted, with all my regard for his ability, I must say, in all humility, that it is a great wrong under which he has labored and, perhaps, the bitter experiences he has undergone

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have for the moment warped his judgment. It hurts me to have to say this, but I would be untrue to the cause of the Untouchables, which is as dear to me as life itself, if I did not say it.

I will not bargain away their rights for the kingdom of the whole world. I am speaking with a due sense of responsibility when I say it is not a proper claim which is registered by Dr. Ambedkar when he seeks to speak for the whole group of Untouchables in India. It will create a division in Hinduism which I cannot possibly look forward to with any satisfaction whatsoever. I do not mind the Untouchables, being converted to Islam or Christianity. I should tolerate that, but I cannot possibly tolerate what is in store for Hinduism if there are two divisions set forth in the villages.

Those who speak of political rights of Untouchables do not know India and do not know how Indian society is today constructed. Therefore, I want to say with all the emphasis that I can command, that if I was the only person to resist this thing I would resist it with my life.

## A Nebraskan Economic Training Group

SIR: The members of our group in The Other Economics League seem very much interested in the work done by other organizations in the direction of economic planning and would be glad to receive such conclusions as they may contribute. Our organization is at present advocating a Commodity Wage Plan, under federal direction, as a practical solution of the unemployed problem, and would be glad to supply copies of the plan to other economic-planning groups for their constructive criticism.

Columbus, Neb. WM. H. TALMAGE, Secretary.

## The Sea Girt Speech

SIR: One gets the impression from one of the editorial paragraphs in the September 7 issue of The New Republic that at least one of your editors can't read. In this issue of September 7 it is stated that Roosevelt in his Sea Girt speech "shows unmistakably that President Hoover uttered a falsehood in charging that the Democrats propose to do away with federal control entirely and permit the return of the saloon."

If Mr. Hoover's speech is read, it is clear that he didn't charge that "the Democrats propose to do away with federal control entirely." He charged that they propose to "destroy every vestige of constitutional and *effective* federal control." If Mr. Roosevelt's speech is read, it is clear that he didn't "show unmistakably that President Hoover uttered a falsehood." For a *fair* analysis of Mr. Roosevelt's speech, and an effective answer to your editorial paragraph, your attention is directed to the editorial, "Mr. Roosevelt on Prohibition," in The Christian Century for September 7.

It is rather elementary, of course, to remark that, when any of your editorial statements so obviously misrepresents, the force of all of your statements is very considerably lessened.

Omaha, Neb. O. E. TURPIN.

SIR: In commenting on Candidate Roosevelt's speech at Sea Girt, you say: "He showed unmistakably that President Hoover uttered a falsehood in charging that the Democrats propose to do away with federal control entirely and permit the return of the saloon."

If President Hoover uttered a falsehood when he said that the Democratic platform proposes to abrogate federal control of the liquor question, then it is impossible properly to characterize, in polite language, the charge made by the editor. To what absurd expressions prejudice will lead supposedly intelligent men. Did the writer of that charge against President Hoover read the Democratic anti-prohibition plank, or was he merely giving expression to his feelings against the President. Let's see. The anti-prohibition plank of the Democratic National Convention reads: "We favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment." That is specific and definite. No substitute is proposed. There is expressed a pious (?) or shall I say, hypocritical, "urge" for the enactment of control measures by the several states. The writer of the editorial certainly knows that such an urge of a National Democratic Convention has no legal force on the action of a state.

It certainly would be foolish for the state to relicense the saloon, but there is absolutely nothing in the Democratic platform to prevent such a thing. The repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment means the return of the saloon in states controlled by the Wets, and the Wets, both editors and laymen, know this. By saloon I mean a place where liquor is publicly sold. I heard the speeches denouncing prohibition and favoring the return of the public sale of intoxicating liquors delivered at both the national conventions. Mayor Cermak of Chicago is promising Europeans that beer will be on tap in Chicago next year. Cermak assisted in framing the Democratic plank. Where will the beer be sold, or will it be given away? President Hoover's assertion is mathematically exact and not a falsehood.

One unforeseen and outstanding consquence of prohibition is the collapse of the intellectual integrity of Wet editors.

Madison, Wis. C. M. JANSKY.

[It would take a skilled grammarian, and a Dry one at that, to see any real difference in meaning between destroying "federal control entirely" and destroying "every vestige of constitutional and effective federal control." So much for Mr. Turpin. Mr. Jansky, on the contrary, argues that Mr. Hoover did say the Democrats would do away with federal control, and was right about it. He thinks we did not read the Democratic platform. Did he? The pertinent paragraph in that platform is:

> We demand that the federal government effectively exercise its power to enable the states to protect themselves against importation of intoxicating liquors in violation of their laws.

If that means anything, it means that states which want to be Dry will have federal support. Mr. Jansky seems to imply that the federal government should attempt to force any states which may want to have saloons to abolish them. That is a question, not of interpretation of language, but of government policy, and we do not believe it a sound policy.—THE EDITORS.]

## The Meaning of Maine

SIR: At last the worm has turned in Maine! The "forgotten man," and family, have lost faith in the efficacy of Republican rule to assure prosperity and justice to the common man. They have learned that "protection" often fails to protect, and that "prohibition" is observed largely by nonobservance. The surprising Democratic victory in the Pine Tree State should not, however, be interpreted as an appreciable advance in liberalism.

Economic conditions are chiefly responsible for the eclipse of stand-pat Republicanism in Maine. Every line of industry is hard hit by the present impasse; and there was in this time of great distress a turning to the smaller party in hopes of something better. The voters turned out the Republican office holders—especially the candidates for Congress—not because they were too protectionist in theory, but because they failed to obtain sufficiently high and stringent tariff barriers to assist the harassed pulpwood producers, the lobster fishermen and various other groups.

The prohibition problem is also responsible for this turn of affairs. The ordinary citizen at last has awakened to the evasions of the Republicans on this question, and a vote for the Democratic candidates was understood to be a protest against the hypocrisy of the G. O. P.

For the first time in a decade, a united Democracy faced the entrenched Republican machine. The Governor-elect, former Judge Louis J. Brann, effectively welded the factions of his party together; he has made a remarkable record as a conciliator and party leader. The Grand Old Party campaign managers made a sorry mess of affairs by their ineptness. So sure were they of victory at the beginning, that street and mass meetings were voted against as too crude for the "Royalists" to consider. Rather, they decided to meet together with their own kind at luncheon meetings and to assure the local leaders that only the very dirty and the very illiterate could question the soundness of Republican measures for prosperity and the safety of our institutions.

WENDELL F. FARRINGTON.

Livermore Falls, Me.

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# The Prophet of a Great Hope

*Huxley, by Clarence Ayres. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 254 pages. $3.*

*Huxley, Prophet of Science, by Houston Peterson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 338 pages. $3.50.*

MANY OF US still recall the days when T. H. Huxley appeared a veritable Jack-the-Giant-Killer of the intellectual and moral world. Ever youthful in ardor, and armed with the shining sword of truth, he fought and killed many ogres who oppressed the children of the light. Pompously fossilized scientists like Owen, sanctimonious statesmen like Gladstone, and Oxford bishops like "Soapy Sam" Wilberforce, as well as the supposedly learned Duke of Argyle—all fell before him.

Was this earlier view unduly worshipful or is our present age unduly neglectful of that most eminent Victorian? The appearance of these two unusually interesting and substantial books, viewing him in the light of present-day ideas, should help us to answer this question.

Mr. Ayres tackles his job in a singularly forthright manner. His picture is consistently that of the fighter for evolution, and purely personal matters form only the casual framework. Our hero succeeded and was feared because he was right. Those who opposed him were against the truth, and Mr. Ayres wastes no sympathy on them. But posterity has unfortunately accepted Huxley's own overmodest reference to himself as Darwin's Bull Dog and has not therefore given him full credit for developing the all-important idea of man's descent from anthropoid stock. It has attributed this idea to Darwin himself, and Huxley has thus fallen into a somewhat secondary place.

Here Mr. Ayres has, it seems to me, put his finger on an important point. Huxley undoubtedly did more than Darwin to establish the facts of man's anatomic and psychologic kinship with the apes, though like Darwin himself he was decidedly weak on the question of the mechanism of the descent. But I think that Mr. Ayres, like most Americans, exaggerates the importance of the whole Darwinian set of ideas for modern thought and civilization.

We in America, and especially those from the University of Chicago, are too close to the evangelical parson's universe to take a cosmopolitan rather than a provincial view of the overthrow of the Mosaic cosmology. As far back as the sixteenth century even a medievalist like Paracelsus could speak of Moses as only a teacher of religion, not of natural science; and no one misunderstood Fontenelle's *mot* that all peoples have mythologies as to the origin of things, but that the Jews, by a special miracle, had only the absolute truth. That Huxley's morphologic studies added considerably to our fund of enlightening and liberating ideas no student of history will deny. But there is no foundation for the claim that our present mechanistic view of human life is due to Huxley. A naturalistic view of man can be traced from the days of Anaximander, Democritus and Lucretius to those of Hobbes and the French and German materialists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Huxley's theory of mental automatism was, in fact, singularly out of vogue in the decade following his death; and the present wave of "behaviorism" is clearly due to the influence of an experimental biology that is more indebted to Europeans like Jacques Loeb and Pavlov than to Darwin and Huxley.

As for the influence of "evolution" on the social sciences, that was already an old story in the days of Hegel and Comte. Historians generally have never been able to take it seriously and modern students of anthropology like Boas and Lowie are, indeed, working hard to put away this popular mythology or a-priori construction of history, to make room for a really scientific study of the facts. Even in biology the term evolution is too vague to be a really working scientific concept. Biologists cling to it not only out of verbal piety for the really great services that Darwin and Huxley rendered in their day, but also because, fearing the Fundamentalists and hostile legislation, they do not want to admit to the public how little of the Darwinian set of ideas has remained in contemporary science. Indeed, all but natural selection have gone and the latter is only a vague term for a number of unknown causes whose effects are partially and only recently confirmed by experimental evidence. In this respect our official leaders of science, men like Osborn, Millikan and others, are exactly in the position of the original opponents of Huxley, who tried to subordinate truth to public policy. Huxley's effort to introduce fresh air and intellectual cleanliness into the Augean stables of official science has to be undertaken all over again, and will always have to be whenever men of science are more concerned with the public than with the truth of their science.

As a mere biography, Mr. Peterson's book is richer and more humanistic. If Mr. Ayres is tough minded, Mr. Peterson is tender minded, in regard to Huxley's enemies. The struggle in which Huxley participated is here pictured on a larger canvas and with a wider background—though in this respect better use could have been made of the history of biblical criticism and especially of Bishop Colenso's book on the Pentateuch.

Mr. Peterson has an eye for significant personal detail and we get a more living portrait of Huxley as a man—though, since there is little proof offered for Mr. Peterson's psychoanalytic speculations, a follower of Huxley might well doubt the truth of the portrait. Somewhat in the Stracheyan fashion, subtle doubts are insinuated as to Huxley's absolute rectitude. He protested too much against cant and humbug. He "was a most efficient agent for himself. With all his blunt candor he understood the subtle strategy of reputation. His public appearances were usually well timed. His public retorts had a dramatic fitness."

Now we need not hesitate to admit that in the heat of argument Huxley oversimplified certain issues, and resorted to some arguments that fell short of absolute justice. But was he right on fundamentals? Here Mr. Peterson, like most non-scientifically trained humanists, is decidedly unclear. The subtitle of his book is the "Prophet of Science," and the conclusion is that Huxley gained some sort of victory for science. But Mr. Peterson does not himself always believe in science and in its prophet. At times he writes from that dizzy modernistic height where there is no such a thing as truth, so that poor Huxley was "psychologically" naïve to believe that it could be found in science. Truth is just a moral prejudice and scientific generalizations are nothing but convenient shorthand of no real validity. Yet Mr. Peterson also criticizes Huxley for that very nominalism or rejection of general ideas in which the latter at times follows Bishop Berkeley. Indeed, we have an appeal here not only to Plato but to Peirce, who blasted the foundations of the anti-realistic attack on, or interpretation of, science. The fact, however, is that neither Huxley nor any other investigator of nature can doubt in the course of his scientific search that there really *are* laws of nature connecting what is sought for with what is already known.

More clear and more orthodox is Mr. Peterson's opposition to Huxley's materialism or "epiphenomenalism."

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But it rests on a specious argument invented by Spencer and followed by James and others, *viz.*, that since human consciousness is a product of evolution it must have a biologic function or survival value. This argument is either the old theologic assumption that nature operates only according to a providential plan and creates nothing in vain, or else it is a very human conceit that nature operates only like a prudent English business man who never does anything except for a useful end. But common observation will confirm Huxley's view that nature is a scene of terribly useless prolification which leads to destructive carnage and waste of life, that it produces monstrous growths and functional disharmonies which may last for considerably long periods. Whether then, human consciousness or intelligence is of biologic advantage or will prevent the extinction of the human species, is a question of fact that the future will answer. It cannot be settled by a-priori dogmas. Certainly so long as the stupid or unevolved species continue to multiply as rapidly as they have throughout time, they will thereby show themselves biologically "fit" to survive.

But even if it were true that human consciousness is evolved for a practical purpose, it would still be fallacious to conclude, as Nietzsche, Bergson and, at times, Mr. Peterson do, that scientific knowledge cannot, therefore, give us valid truth. Such an inference is the veriest *non sequitur* and clearly self-refuting—since this argument is itself the result of "evolution," and can therefore be only practically useful (?) but not true.

At the heart, however, of Mr. Peterson's opposition to his hero or prophet is the nostalgia for the old faith (shall we not say for the fleshpots of Egypt?) and the persistent idea that "Lilly, Mallock, Balfour and others were correct in predicting that Huxley's views were pointing straight toward moral confusion, if not to chaos." Huxley met this fully in his withering reply to Lilly! As Christian morality came from Pagan and Hebrew sources and survived the dropping of the latter, why may it not also survive the disproof of Christian superstitions by modern science? In fact, Mr. Peterson himself does on one occasion agree with Huxley that the problem of morality, of the good life on earth, can be dealt with in terms of human interests and aims, without supernatural interferences. Historically it is rather obvious that recent changes in morals have been so connected with the material conditions of life, with the telephone and the automobile, that it is far-fetched to attribute them to disbelief in the Mosaic cosmology. And who dares to assert that in morality those who hold on to that mythology are always superior to those who have for good reasons rejected it or have even never heard of it? So long as the truth of Huxley's arguments is not even seriously challenged, it must indeed be a poor morality that can be overthrown by them.

There are many admirable people today who suffer from the pathetic fallacy of supposing that their own nostalgia for their old faith and bewilderment at the newer morality are the peculiar characteristics of their age. In point of fact, this cry over waning faith and growing moral confusion is as old as history; and it is important to realize the absurdity of the claim that it was Huxley who "robbed his generation of its faith and prepared the way for moral chaos." What Huxley really destroyed was a set of rotting conventions that fell to pieces at the first touch of an honest and courageous lance. There were, indeed, few scientists in England who believed in the theory of the special creation of all existing species according to the biblical chronology. But it was considered bad form to disturb the faith of the multitude, just as that Victorian paragon, Mr. Podsnap, would not allow certain topics to be mentioned before "the young person." Huxley had the wit and courage to see that the whole thing could readily be overthrown without serious risk.

It is a curious fact that none of those who attacked Huxley were men of real faith. Mallock, whom Peterson thinks more sagacious than Huxley, was a poor fish, held in contempt by his intelligent contemporaries and none too soon fallen into oblivion. As for Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," we must look at it in the light of his "Defense of Doubt," that is, as a complacent resolution to doubt all evidence in order to cling to beliefs that have no rational support. If Huxley were not a dying man in 1895 he would have gone through him as he had through Gladstone and "Soapy Sam." For though Balfour was more urbane and subtle than his predecessors, he had little more than their essential complacency, the Podsnappery which made him argue: The Church of England is good enough for us, why is it not good enough for the Welsh?

It is a plain superstition to hold up the morals of Aldous Huxley as a horrible illustration of our loss of faith and morality. The world that Thomas Huxley's grandson paints is far more decent than the early Victorian age portrayed in Bulwer Lytton's "Pelham." What student of history would dare suggest that contemporary sex morals are a decline compared with the brutal and atrociously degrading prostitution which was regarded by some Victorian moralists as a protection to the "purity" of the home? How can such obvious truths be willfully ignored by literate people?

Mr. Peterson makes the point that Huxley himself always remained a Victorian in morals and never realized that moral rules could properly change their content with changing conditions of life. This is not only just but fatally so. Huxley never rose to the ability of questioning the moral assumptions of his age. This shows itself in his essay "On a Liberal Education," in which conventional ideas of property and theft are identified with eternal laws of nature. Logically this led to the view that it was better for Irishmen to starve and let their children starve than to withhold from their English landlords the rent (in the form of grain and food) which the latter's Parliament declared due. Not only on property and labor but on such subjects as birth control there was nothing in Huxley's utterances which we today can regard with any admiration. Perhaps he would not have exerted so much influence on his generation if he had like others dared to be progressive not only in theology but in economics and morals as well. But, to his credit be it said, this was not a conscious consideration with him.

Among Mr. Peterson's psychologic observations I am impressed with the remarks on Huxley's dramatic sense. It seems that Huxley, unlike Darwin, was unhappy when alone and always craved a public and was at his best when performing before it. And the public before which he moved was ready to discard cosmologic but not economic or moral superstitions. He had an honest if shrewd courage, but not the absorbing penetration which carries one beyond one's generation to martyrdom. Huxley was a great compromiser. He not only shrewdly used biblical terminology but helped those who insisted on the compulsory use of the Bible in the schools. He did not admit that a book that was fallible in its natural science and hygiene might also be fallible in its morals. If today there is an unholy alliance between the official leaders of science and religious modernists to combat all those who demand clear-cut answers to the issues between religion and science, we cannot appeal

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against it to Huxley. He subscribed to that cheap evasion which asserts that the conflict is only between science and theology—as if any existing religion can or does dispense with a belief in a supernatural personal God. We can, of course, and we do, stretch the word religion to denote any altruistic sentiment, and so we speak of communism as a religion. But in thus speaking of the avowed enemies of religion as religious, we have stretched the word beyond any useful meaning and have only confused rather than solved the real issues. Huxley, in this respect, suffered from the influence of a Victorian prophet who, if not downright dishonest, was certainly vehemently evasive and confusing in the fundamentals of the Christian religion—I refer to Thomas Carlyle.

The agoraphile inclination which prevented Huxley from brooding over and wrestling with ideas, prevented him from penetrating behind the superficial philosophy of Spencer. And he was not sufficiently self-critical to see that despite their many weaknesses T. H. Green and F. H. Bradley were so effectively undermining that philosophy as to leave it no future.

There is a certain justice in the popular judgment which puts Darwin above Huxley. The latter was more of a scientific biologist in the modern sense, *i.e.,* he was more of an experimentalist instead of a mere naturalist as was Darwin. But Darwin, less facile and less brilliant, lived more with his ideas and was less anxious to score a point than to find the truth no matter by whom advanced and no matter how antagonistic to his preconceived ideas. Darwin thus set an example of intellectual honesty which will live long after his particular conclusions are, as they nearly all have been, left behind. As a scientist Huxley will always occupy a very high rank in many fields of biology. But his controversial zeal prevented him from maturing great ideas, principles or methods as did experimentalists like Faraday or the Abbot Mendel.

Huxley rendered inestimable service to science by his many early technical papers, all showing marvelously acute observations, and by his promotion of the experimental habit of mind in biology. But he will probably be remembered much longer for his services to popular education through his amazingly lucid exposition in such books as his "Physiography," "The Crayfish" or the essay "On a Piece of Chalk." This he achieved, not like Eddington and others through meretricious analogies which produce the illusion of clarity and fool an unmathematical reader into the flattering belief that he understands the quantum theory, but rather by the wise omission of all that can be omitted and concentration on the essentials of the object before the reader. It was easier for Huxley to do so because he had the realist's faith in the object before him and not any "idealistic" lesson to impose upon it.

To view Huxley as a great liberator in the field of education is perhaps to do most justice to his permanent significance. He was a hero and a prophet of a great hope—the hope that by introducing science into education our human lot would be permanently bettered. Like other hopes of the nineteenth century, such as the one in universal suffrage or in the separation of Church and State, this has met with an outer triumph and inner disappointment. Huxley did not foresee the real obstacles in human nature against the genuine scientific interest. He did not suspect that when the pedagogues and popularizers once got a hold on science they would dilute and cheapen it into a new set of dogmas—something which the erratic Peirce saw very clearly. But if the fate of the human race be to struggle incessantly against obstacles, they who raise and strengthen our hopes will always be nearest our hearts. In this respect Huxley will remain a figure that mankind will not want to forget. He was a valiant fighter and within a narrow field a great strategist in the perpetual struggle for human liberation. He did this not only by his work and through those whom he encouraged, but also by occasional tributes to those who paved the way for him: Descartes, Hume and Priestly, as well as Darwin. May there always be found equally worthy shoulders to carry on the burden.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

# A Theory of Adjustment

*Man's Rough Road: Background and Bearings from Mankind's Experience, by A. G. Keller. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company; New Haven: Yale University Press. 458 pages. $3.*

POPULAR condensations of many-volumed works of scholarship are—I speak from experience—extremely unfair to the authors. "The Science of Society," by Professor A. G. Keller and W. G. Sumner, is one of the monuments of social anthropology. It comes as near as any existing work to supplying a great desideratum: a collation without favor or selection of available information concerning pre-civilized society. Dr. Keller has dealt very sensibly with the problem of meeting the unreasonable commercial demand for a popular epitome. He has written a new book, setting forth in vivacious—a shade too vivacious—popular language the impression of the significance of his survey which he had previously couched in sober scientific speech.

One might paraphrase a famous revolutionary pamphlet: What should anthropology's contribution to social thought be? Everything. What is it? Nothing. What may it strive to be? Something. Social anthropology has in the past very definitely affected social thinking. L. H. Morgan had an enormous influence on Karl Marx. Tylor, McLennan and others left their imprint on the minds of their contemporaries. Of Frazer's "Golden Bough," The London Times said without undue exaggeration that no scientific work since Darwin had so modified the perspective of men's thoughts. But it is questionable whether that scientific influence has of late fulfilled its earlier promise. Much of it has been repudiated by contemporary schools of anthropology, whose trend has been away from the generalizations which, however hasty, imparted to anthropological inductions a certain virile fertility.

A wag might define contemporary science as the art of abstaining from drawing logical inferences from facts. Dr. Keller is thoroughly scientific. The eager inquirer, turning to the chapter where the author's "Conclusion" is summarized, will find none, but a reiterated warning against drawing any. Such ascetic detachment is an undoubted part of the scientific attitude, which aims at eliminating the personal equation. Has the ideal been attained? A careful examination of the logic of many modern anthropologists will show that the equation, theoretically excluded from conclusions, has merely been transferred to the premises.

One of Dr. Keller's concerns is to set aside the crude and obsolete notion of "progress," although he freely uses the surrogate term "evolution." If a tribe of wild hunters domesticate cattle and become pastoralists; or if a pastoral tribe lose their cattle and revert to hunting, neither change, he tells us, constitutes progress. Both are adjustments. Or to put the argument *ad hominem,* whether you acquire a million dollars or are driven to the bread line, you should not entertain any silly and unscientific notion about the

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sentimental signficance of either event. Both are merely adjustments.

The catch—or shall we say the fallacy?—about "adjustment," which the biologists used to call "adaptation," is that there are two terms to every adjustment, the conditions and the adjusting organism. An organism does not merely adjust itself to external conditions; it adjusts its adjustments to itself. It may even adjust external conditions to itself. The latter process is called direct action. The trouble is, in dealing with social phenomena, that the adjusting organism is by no means an invariable constant, as used to be assumed by those who referred us to "human nature," but is extremely variable. Dr. Keller, in speaking of individual adjustment, refers several times to Robinson Crusoe. But even the adjustments of Crusoe will differ from those of Man Friday, and there may be scores of quite different Crusoes, the conditions of the problem of adjustment varying in each instance. What the facts of social anthropology can make clear, but what Professor Keller does not make clear, is that the various kinds of Crusoes are products of antecedent as well as of actual social conditions. The pastoral people who lose their cattle and turn hunters will differ considerably from the hunters who turn pastoralists. The effects of their pastoral tradition will not be obliterated. Adjustments to similar conditions differ according to the cultural history of a people, that is, according to the traditional contents of their minds.

The leading methodological principle of the school of social anthropology which Dr. Keller represents is to avoid rash generalizations. Strangely, however, what lapses of logic may be noted in his interpretations usually arise from generalizing where he should have distinguished. Thus, in defining a society he insists on coöperation as the distinctive feature; but fails to distinguish sufficiently between the voluntary coöperation in a Melanesian or Kaffir clan, and the coercive coöperation in a Kentucky mine. In representing "hostility and war" as primal features of all human societies, he does not distinguish between various forms of conflict. In representing property as a primal and universal element of all society, he does not distinguish between sentimental and economic property, and slurs over the distinction between communal and private property. "Sentimentalists, especially those with a theory to prove, have," he says, "confidently stated that in the golden age of innocence everything was 'common.'" He goes on to show that primitive groups had property in land, hunting-grounds. He then proceeds: "We turn now from communalism to the evolution of personal property." The logical sequence is not clear.

It would, however, be an error to imagine that Dr. Keller is, notwithstanding his denunciation of rash conclusions, without strong convictions:

> A system of inheritance of property makes for that internal peace and order under which alone society can persist. A fish could about as well get along without fins as a society without the institution of marriage. . . . People who want to abolish property, marriage and other long-standing and tried institutions are about as sensible as the fanatics who urge us to discard all our clothing. . . . Confident, well meaning ignorance is a terrible thing. Property . . . is not to be handled with impunity to society by disgruntled irresponsibles, any more than is the parallel monopoly, the monogamic family. It has the dignity conferred by ages.

We seem to have heard similar language from other quarters. But I am old enough to remember the time when one heard it not, pitched in so shrill a key, from scientific anthropologists. True, they had not yet perfected the scientific elimination of personal equations. In fairness to Professor Keller it should be noted that his views are as characteristic of present-day American social anthropology as is a concern for theology of English physicists. The adjustments of the scientific mind furnish an interesting and insufficiently explored field of inquiry for the student of the science of society.

ROBERT BRIFFAULT.

# Wabash Valley: 1865-1875

*The Years of Peace, by LeRoy MacLeod. New York: The Century Company. $2.50.*

THE PARTS of this novel are better than the whole, and bigger—this in spite of a very evident effort by Mr. MacLeod to give his book bigness and wholeness. Into a narrative which takes some Indiana farmers through the first decade after the Civil War, and which would appear to be wholly concerned with those farmers and their wives, he introduces from time to time such information as the following:

> In Spain the Carlist War blazed on. Cartagena surrendered on the twelfth of January, and on the twenty-first Don Carlos began the bombardment of Bilbao. In a vain assault on his position the Republicans lost eighteen hundred men. . . . Early in February the British defeated the Ashantees in South Africa, at the Battle of Amoaful. Coomassie, the famous capital of the blacks, was taken on the fourth. On the sixth it was burned.

The connection of so much carnage with the daily doings of Aunt Mary and Uncle Lafe, Tyler Peck and his gray-eyed wife Evaline, Lucy and Alan and Lew, Ella and Carl and Walter, is entirely invented by Mr. MacLeod, whose point seems to be that the Wabash Valley was peaceful enough during those years, though the heart of his hero contained tempests and rebellions. A comparison is thus set up between the heart of Tyler Peck and the continent of Europe, not to speak of Africa and Asia Minor—with what result it is difficult to see, unless the result is that Tyler Peck seems vastly less important. Since this was probably not the aim of Mr. MacLeod, his novel, in so far as it depends upon the cosmos for its success, is a failure.

But it is not a failure, for it does not so depend. When Mr. MacLeod forgets to be significant, when he stops thinking after the manner of many a recent regionalist, and when he returns to the business in hand—the daily doings of a dozen Hoosiers—he writes fiction which it is an absorbing pleasure to read. Here again, however, it is not the main story which is absorbing. It is rather the incidental scraps of observation, of which the following is a specimen: "He patted the dog, and waved at the woman in the chicken-yard increasing the clamor around her with calls and quieting it with corn." Or it is an occasional very convincing passage of conversation about little or nothing. Or it is an episode concerned with something quite off the highway of the stated theme—a rabbit hunt, for instance, or a quarrel between two children, or a storm in a hayfield.

Mr. MacLeod, in other words, is almost defeated by his ambition, but not entirely, since he is saved by his talent. The failure of the tempest in his hero's heart to produce more than a set of abominable manners when the fellow speaks to his wife is pretty well made up for by a number

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of scenes between the two which bear every known mark of reality. Mr. MacLeod is so excellent in detail that it is too bad he bothers with a theme. It is too bad also that he does not sufficiently suppress the poetry he used to write; his style is tainted with blank verse, is sometimes strained from trying to hold too much metaphor. When he writes a novel which is simpler and more prosaic than this one, and is as true, he will write a very good novel indeed. MARK VAN DOREN.

# U. S. S. A.

*Toward Soviet America, by William Z. Foster. New York:. Coward-McCann. 343 pages. $2.50.*

THE COMMUNISTS' candidate for President here states persuasively the official party view of the revolutionary process and the function in it of his organization. The contradictions of capitalism make inevitable the recurrence of depressions and, in addition, a tendency toward final collapse. No matter how ardently capitalists may try to save their order, everything they do contributes to its weakening. The "new economic era" with its doctrine of high wages merely ensured the arrival of a depression worse than usual. The characteristic action of the owners when crises come, and as collapse approaches, is to shift the burdens and losses on to the shoulders of the workers and poor farmers. Weighty evidence is accumulated to support this thesis. All this provides the objective condition of revolution. The subjective condition will be provided by a consciousness on the part of the exploited that their interests are common, and require the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of socialism. The revolution will, like other historic revolutions, be accompanied by violence, because the owners will not give up their powers and privileges without a struggle. The socialization of industry will, of course, be accomplished by expropriation; it would be silly to perpetuate the owning class by compensating it, since the goal of the whole movement is a classless society.

It is the function of the Communist party to lead the workers and poor farmers in their struggles, to instill into them the consciousness of their common cause, and to be the spearhead of the revolution when the time comes. It is not itself a large body, but it contains devoted, trained and able persons to guide the movement and to provide the necessary knowledge and organization in critical moments. This is not leadership from above or from afar, but leadership by those who share the workers' life, by a body which intends to have cells in every factory, union and locality.

The model for the future state is, of course, Soviet Russia. A capable chapter on the achievement of the Russian Revolution is included. Mr. Foster contends that the Soviet government is not an autocratic dictatorship, but the first real democracy the world has known. He also defends his party against charges of control from the top. Questions of policy are first fully debated, but when a decision is reached, all members must follow the party line. This is the only way to be effective in action.

Much of what Mr. Foster says about the faults of capitalism and the successes of socialist planning in Russia might have been taken from dozens of books or interviews by persons in many stations of life, having many shades of political opinion. But there is one thread of argument in this book which will be more difficult for non-Communists to follow. That is the bitter denunciation of persons who, one would say from a broad perspective, share at least parts of Mr. Foster's point of view and would be content to work toward the same general kind of society he wants. Mr. Foster doesn't waste much time opposing conventional capitalists. He attacks, first of all, those who, though capitalistically inclined, want to do something to bring social planning into the system—in other words, capitalist radicals. But these, he thinks, aren't half so dangerous as the trade unions, who do the capitalists' dirty work for them. They, in turn, are minor villains compared with the Socialists. The more closely one agrees with Mr. Foster without actually being a Communist, the more bitterly he resents it. His condemnation gains in intensity as he looks leftward on the scale of revolutionaries, until he arrives at the arch-fiend, Trotsky himself! To be a capitalist is, in Communist eyes, regrettable, but beware of being a Fascist, and beware most of all of being a Social Fascist. (For the benefit of the uninitiate, it is necessary to explain that both Norman Thomas and Trotsky are Social Fascists.) The first aim of the Communist party will be to "liquidate" you, if you are so rash as to try to reform, and especially to abolish, capitalism without accepting its leadership.

All this is not so ridiculous as it sounds, if you accept the Communist assumptions about the nature of the revolution. If there is to be a class war and a violent overthrow of capitalism, and if the workers must do the job, everyone who teaches that the result may be accomplished in some other way is indeed a traitor—and of course traitors are far more dangerous than enemy divisions. The working class cannot be led to victory under half a dozen generals going in different directions.

And there's the rub. Conscientious persons who want a better civilization are required to decide a-priori, and before they decide anything else, what the nature of the revolution is going to be. And the evidence for a fully assured decision is not available. After voluminous debate, the question is still open whether both "objective" and "subjective" conditions are certain to bring about a Communist revolution in the United States. If, by the barest chance, the Communists happen to be wrong about it—why, then, they are the traitors. The Socialists think they are, and of course the historic trade-union movement in the United States is bitter against both Communists and Socialists. Labor disunity militates against the growth of the movement in this country, and has become a source of tragic weakness in Germany. The intra-labor conflict is real enough, even when the class conflict languishes. This fact in itself presents a challenge to the Communist point of view. What is the chance, in any highly developed capitalist country, of a united labor front strong enough to carry through a revolution of any sort? Those who, according to the Communists, are misleaders and traitors, are so prevalent in every non-socialist nation that they assume the aspect of a natural phenomenon, not to be exorcised with moral indignation. GEORGE SOULE.

# Book Notes

## BIOGRAPHY

MONSIEUR THIERS, and Nineteenth Century France, by John M. S. Allison. *New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 291 pages. $3.*

The active life of the first president of the Third Republic included the July revolution of 1831, the bourgeois monarchy of Louis Philippe, the February revolution of 1848, the Paris workingmen's insurrection in June of the same year, the Second Empire, the disastrous war of 1870-71, the suppression of the Paris Commune. Throughout these years, Thiers's principles remained fundamentally the same. In 1836 he declared himself to be "anti-

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revolutionary in literature, philosophy and politics," and anti-revolutionary he remained to the end. His ideal was the English constitutional monarchy as it existed before the Reform Bill, and when the republic became unavoidable, he stood for the *republique conservatrice*. He championed the temporal rule of the Pope against the Italian liberals striving for national union, and to the "disorderly passions" of the proletariat he opposed "force and justice." Of this man's career, and of the contemporaneous changes in the state of France, Professor Allison writes with clearness, grace and charm, and with a detachment, a dispassionateness, that almost rises—or falls—to languorous nonchalance. The reader with a taste for more vigorous portraiture is referred to the sketch of Thiers, etched with a pen dipped in vitriol, in Marx's "Civil War in France."

### Science

ELECTRONS AND WAVES: An Introduction to Atomic Physics, by H. Stanley Allen. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 336 pages. $2.50.*

It is encouraging to meet with a volume on modern physical science which does not insult the layman by picturesque inaccuracies and annoy the specialist by willful technical improprieties. Professor Allen's book can be recommended to all who are willing to pay for their knowledge by honest intellectual effort. After sketching in the historical background of the atomic theory and defining the primary concepts (electrons and protons, rays and radiation, isotopes and the quantum), he analyzes the main characteristics of the special and general theories of relativity, discusses the quantum theory, atomic structure, crystal analysis; and takes up the major problem of waves versus particles, with adequate reference to crucial experiments, authorities and a balancing of the arguments on both sides. Numerous illustrations and diagrams greatly assist the reader in following the necessarily complicated story. In a brief discussion of the philosophical implications of current physics, the author cites Planck, Whitehead and Eddington, but avoids the pitfalls of metaphysics.

PROBLEMS OF RELATIVE GROWTH, by Julian S. Huxley. *New York: The Dial Press. 287 pages. $3.50.*

This is a monograph explicitly intended for specialists in one of the most complex and exacting fields of biological research, and Professor Huxley is to be congratulated on the thoroughness with which he has done his work. Briefly, it has to do with the rates of growth of an organism, considered separately and in relation to the growth ratios of its parts: problems brought to a sharp focus by D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, to whose classic study, "Growth and Form," Huxley is deeply indebted. Believing that "differential growth ratios" and growth gradients in general are not only susceptible of exact quantitative measurement, but that they have far-reaching consequences for a clear understanding of evolution and genetics, Huxley investigated heterogony in various of the lower species, particularly certain insects, crustaceans and molluscs. The wealth of material so obtained led to the development of a serious of equations expressed by a special type of Cartesian co-ordinates, by which growth problems could not only be profitably studied but applied, with proper caution, to human instances. The working out of this material has suggested that growth is a functon of definite biological processes, possibly influenced by distinct gene-factors, and certainly by the complex forces of the environment, nutritional and other. The possibilities of scientific growth control thus opened up are immense, but no competent biologist will venture any predictions until the subject to which Huxley's monograph is so valuable a contribution is much further advanced. Numerous illustrations, diagrams, graphs and a comprehensive bibliography add to the book's usefulness.

### Travel

YOUR MEXICAN HOLIDAY, by Anita Brenner. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 365 pages. $2.50.*

"Once the dust of Mexico has settled in your heart, you have no rest in any other land." These words, quoted by the author from a Mexican proverb, create a nostalgia for this country at once so

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foreign and so close to our own. Miss Brenner's latest book is written as a guide to the tourist visiting Mexico, who formerly had to rely on "Terry's Guide," a work not only inadequate and out of date but often grossly prejudiced. The present volume introduces travelers to the country's political figures past and present, its customs and folkways, as well as to its geographical beauties, automobile roads and time tables. In fact, Miss Brenner has written not only a necessary book but an intelligent and entertaining one. The maps and decorations by the Mexican artist Carlos Merida contribute a sense of thrilling adventure even to the drab course of a railroad.

### Fiction

THE LADY OF THE BOAT, by Lady Murasaki. *Translated by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.*

Though it was written in the eleventh century, when few books existed in the native tongue, there is still no other Japanese novel to compare either in quality or length with "The Tale of Genji." In English it will consist of six volumes, five of which have now appeared. The hero of the novel as a whole is an imaginary Japanese prince supposed to be a contemporary of the authoress, who projects herself in idealized form into its pages. But the imaginary Murasaki died at the end of Volume IV, and the present book begins with the sentence, "Genji is dead"; the scene has been swept clear of the original characters, and descendants of theirs have taken their place. The hero of "The Lady of the Boat" is Kaoru, reputed to be Genji's son, but in reality the son of a concubine who had deceived him. Kaoru, whose body has a sweet unearthly perfume, is contrasted with Genji's real descendant, Niou, a friend and subordinate hero; and these two are surrounded with a group of characters skillfully developed and artfully balanced. . . . One more volume will complete Arthur Waley's admirable translation of a work which the Japanese themselves regard as difficult for any but scholarly readers, on account of its antiquated diction. By the year 2032—a hundred years from now—the whole literary world should be prepared to celebrate the millennium of Lady Murasaki.

## Contributors

Robert E. Asher is at present working for the Chicago office of the League for Industrial Democracy. He recently graduated from the University of Chicago after having first spent three years at Dartmouth College and one year abroad at the University of Berlin.

Ernest Minor Patterson, president of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, has been head of the Department of Economics at the University of Pennsylvania since 1910. His most recent book, "The World's Economic Dilemma," came out a year ago.

Marquis W. Childs, who has done newspaper work in several Midwestern cities and in New York, is now on the staff of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Padraic Colum, the well known Irish poet, is the author, among other volumes, of "The Road Round Ireland." His collected poems were brought out this spring by Macmillan. The essay in this issue is included in "A Half-Day's Ride," to be published this month.

Morris R. Cohen, the author of a treatise on scientific method, "Reason and Nature," is professor of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York.

Robert Briffault, the anthropologist, is the author of "The Mothers," a three-volume study of the origin of sentiments and institutions, "Sin and Sex" and "Breakdown," his most recent volume.

Mark Van Doren, formerly literary editor of The Nation, is a critic, biographer, editor of an anthology of world poetry and author of four volumes of verse. An anthology of American poetry from 1630 to 1930, which he has edited, will be issued in October.


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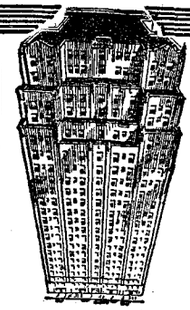

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